

THE
English Lawyer ;
A
COMEDY:
Acted at the
Royal Theatre.

Written by
EDWARD RAVENSCROFT, Gent.

LONDON,

Printed by J. M. for James Vade at the
Cock and Sugar-loaf near S^t Dunstan's Church.
in Fleet-street, 1678.

English Latin etc.

COMEDY

4/10/73 10:02E

NOV 07

PROLOGUE.

G Allants, pray what do you doe here to day?
Which of you understands a Latine Play?
This was a Cambridge piece, there first
Brought forth, and by your Alma Mater nurs't.
For ought you know 'tis Latine still, at least
Part must, in th' Lawyers Latine lay the jest.
Perhaps of th' University you 've been,
As by your Plate is in the Buttaries seen;
Tutors you had, and wore a daggl'd Gown,
Rob'd Orchards for a year, then came to Town.
This Age defies th' accomplishment of Sēbools,
The Town breeds Wits, the Collidges make Fools,
And tho' of Latine you retain some ends,
'Tis so by Rote, that much I fear (my Friends)
You scarce can construe Buscos & Soccos
Tiffanas & Cambrica Smoccoi.
Scholars so scarce amongst you are, and few,
Law-Latine will be Hebrew-Greek to you.
To censure therefore do not you pretend,
That which a Learned Age did so commend;
We have you Coram-Nobis, and vouchamus,
He that don't like it is an Ignoramus.

The Persons Names

<i>Theodore,</i>	An English Merchant residing at <i>Burdeaux.</i>
<i>Antonio,</i>	His Son.
<i>Ignoramus,</i>	An English Lawyer.
<i>Dulman,</i>	His Clerks.
<i>Pecus,</i>	
<i>Torcol,</i>	A Portuguese.
<i>Trico,</i>	An arch Servant to <i>Antonio.</i>
<i>Cupes,</i>	A Book-Cryer.
<i>Pyropus,</i>	A Salesman.
<i>Bannacar,</i>	A Moor, Servant to <i>Dorothea.</i>
<i>Dorothea,</i>	Wife to <i>Theodore.</i>
<i>Rosabella,</i>	Suppos'd Kinswoman of <i>Torcol.</i>
<i>Sarda,</i>	An old Deaf woman attending <i>Rosabella.</i>
<i>Polla,</i>	Wife to <i>Cupes</i> ; a Scold.
Fidlers, Tavern-boys, Attendants.	

Scene *Burdeaux.*

The

THE
English Lawyer.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Theodore and Antonio.

Antonio. **T**O England, Sir, and so suddenly? [A house.
Theodore. Yes, Son; you must take charge of a Box of Writings, which *I* am to send over, they are of very great concern, and *I* will not entrust a stranger with them.

Ant. But is it necessary, Sir, that *I* should go to day?

The. Yes; here's an *English* Ship going for *London*; you'll have good accommodation: Besides, your Mother writes me word, that she'll come over with all speed; you, being there, may wait on her hither. Your Brother, and his new Wife, intend to come with her.

Ant. Is it certain then, Sir, that my Brother is marry'd to *Clara*?

The. Second Letters confirm it. My Wife and *I* had long ago determin'd to give the two Daughters she had by her former Husband Mr. *Manly*, to you, and your Brother; and, when you were but little ones, you were contracted to one another; *Clara* to *Antonine* your twin-brother, and *Isabella* to you: but she, poor Girl, was lost, with her Nurse, from *Deptford* upon *Thames*; whether they were both drown'd, or were Trepan'd to some foreign Plantation, is uncertain. Now fifteen years we have griev'd their loss, without knowing the manner of it. But, go in, Son, and make preparations

tions for your voyage; you must go aboard within two hours.

Ant. And leave my *Rosabella*!

The. Go, get your self in readiness: in the mean time, I'll go in, and finish my Letters. [Exit.

Ant. What shall I do? I must obey my Father;
But can I think of leaving *Rosabella*!
When I go from her, I part from life and happiness;
From all my thoughts hold dear, and worthy estimation.
O Trico, I am lost!

Enter Trico.

Trico. What, Sir, before you are got to Sea?

Ant. I am shipwrackt on shoar: My Love! my *Rosabella*!
I must for *England*.

Tri. Your Father will have you go, and you must comply, how e're unwilling.

Ant. And leave a Woman, that loves me, expos'd to the sordid humour of a covetous old Uncle, that has been so base to Traffique for her; that has sold her for 600. Crowns? Shame that he should be related to so much Innocence, and have no more Humanity!

The. within. *Antonio*! Son *Antonio*!

Tri. Your Father calls; away: I'll set my self to work, for your content.

Ant. Taking care of my Love, you preserve my Life.

Tri. Away, away.

[Exit.

Enter Ignoramus, Dulman, Pecus.

Ignor. *Fy, fy; Tanta pressa, tantum croudum, ut sui penè trusus ad mortem.* I am almost squeez'd to death in this Croud, I'll have an Action of Intrusion against 'em all. Oh, how I sweat! O, hot, hor: *Meltavi meum pingue*, I have melted my grease. *Fy, fy; where are my Clerks? Dulman! Dulman!*

Dul. Here, Master, here. *Vous avez Dulman.*

Ign. *Melter, Dulman, melter: rubba me cum Towallio, rubba.*

Rub

Rub me with a Towel, *Dulman*; I am melted to death.
Where is *Pecus*?

Pecus. Here, Sir.

Ign. *Fac ventum*, *Pecus*; Fan me, fan me. So, so: where
is *Fledwit*?

Dul. He is *Non Invenitur*, not to be found.

Ign. Put your Cloaks upon me, now, for fear I take cold.
So, so, *Ansi bene fait*. Amongst all my troubles and afflictions,
it rejoyceth me that I have made a good agreement at
the Law amongst our *Englisch* here at *Burdeaux*. Well, to-
morrow, *Hoyfubimus vela*, we will hoyle Sails for *England*:
it is high time; we came hither *OJabie Hillarii*, and it is now
almost *Quindema Pascha*.

Dul. I swear to you, Master, *titillasti punctum legis*, you
tickled away the point of Law to day, to some Tune.

Ign. He, he:—I think I did tickle it; *Si le nom del granteur
ou grant soit raze, ou interline, ou fait Pol, le fait est grandement
suspitions*.

Dul. And then again, *Non obstant si fait Pol*.

Pec. But that above all, *Dan fait pendu en le smook*: ne-
ver did any man better handle a point of Law.

Ign. *Quota est clocka*, what's a clock?

Dul. Between Eight and Nine.

Ign. Go therefore to my Lodging with your Bags and your
Rolls. What is that? Let me see that In-
strument. — O ho, ho; now I know it. *(Puts on his Specta-
cles and reads.)*
*This Indenture made betwixt Roger Rat-
tledock, of Saxton in the County of Brecknock. O ho!—
Richard Fen and John Den: O ho! Proud Buzzard Plain-
tiff, against Peagoose Defendant. O ho!— Look you, here
is one Letter faulty; mend it; for, in Law one Tittle mis-
plac'd, spoils a Title. Now go your ways; do you take
this; do you ingross that: and then truss up the Portman-
tue, ready for our Journey. And, do you hear? at one cor-
ner, put up the Crag-end of the Neck of Mutton, that was left
last night at Supper.*

Pec. The Broth and all, Sir?

Ign. You are *Anglice* a Coxcomb: spoil all my Writings!

Dulman, have an eye over him: *cape bonam curam*, see things be done as they should be.

Dul. *Ego warrantizabo*; I warrant you, Sir.

[*Ex. Dulman, Pecuni.*]

Ign. Heigho!-- my *Rosabella*! I am not going now to the Court's of *Westminster*, but to the Court of *Venus*, held at *Torcol's*; *Cupid* her Sheriff would never let me alone, till he found me in her Bailywick: At the first time, when I lov'd *Rosabella* but a little, he sent me a little *Capias*, and then a great *Capias*, and afterwards other *Capias*'s, and more *Capias*'s, and innumerable *Capias*'s; till at last, *Capuit me ut legatum*, being bereav'd of all my Sense and Reason, so that I am now just as a Flie without a head, *Buzzo & torno*, I Buz up and down, and turn here and turn there, but I know not what I do my self. When I am drawing up an Instrument, if a Woman be nam'd, I write *Rosabella*; for *Corpus cum causa*, I write *Corpus cum cauda*; for *Noverint universi*, *Amaverint universi*; for *habere ad rectum*, *habere ad Lectum*; and so spoil the whole Instrument.

[*Enter Torcol.*]

Tor. O Signior *Ignoramus*, *Bazo las manus*, Signior, what service will you command me?

Ign. I'll give you a *Superfedas* for these complements. I believe this Congying and Cringing so, was the reason why your Neck's awry; you shall have a *Breve de recto* for it.

Tor. O, Signior, am I your Sport? *A. Dios.*

Ign. What, are you angry? Stay. I only *singebam jocum*, did but jest; and you take it *bono serio*, in good earnest. But now I come to the point: You know, Signior *Torcol*, that according to Contract, I am to pay you 600 Crowns, and you are to deliver to me your Ward *Rosabella*, for my Wife; and this is *Dies appointatus*, the day of appointment and payment.

Tor. She is ready, at your Service.

Ign. And so is my Money at yours. Therefore I now let you understand, that some time to day I will call on you for her;

her; if possibly I can, I will come my self; if any Demurrer be, I will send one of my Clerks for her, who shall bring you the summe agreed on; and that is *Totum unum*, one and the same thing.

Tor. 'Tis so; but I know none of your Clerks.

Ign. Nor none of them know you; but he shall bring you the 600 Crowns, and I will tell him; that he may the better know you, that (with your pardon) you have a wry neck. But are you afraid of any thing?

Tor. I am in a continual fear of *Antonio*, her former Lover, and the cunning *Trico*; who are continually plotting to take her from me. Let us therefore agree on some private token.

Ign. Six hundred Crowns is token enough; yet, if my Clerk *Dulman* come to you from me, he shall bring you a bent *Spanish* piece of Gold among the Money.

Tor. Content; but be sure you tell no man of it.

Ign. To counsel a Counsellor, or advise a Lawyer, is to light a Candle at Noon-day: But let me have a sight of her, before I go.

Tor. She is coming forth to her Devotions: I'll go in, and hasten her out. [Exit.]

Ign. *Ouy dea, ouy dea.* Tomorrow I will return to *London* with her. He says, she's a Seal'd Virgin; but, for ought I know, the Seal may have been crack'd: But what is a Maiden-head? It is, as the Law says, — *in Nubibus* — 'Tis Riddle me re-- 'tis something, and nothing; 'tis neither felt, heard, nor understood. Well, but be she what she will, I long till I have the opening of her Cause, that we may joyne issue; for I am *bestialiter inamoratus*, beastly enamord of her. He will presently bring unto me *Corpus cum cauda, cum causa* I would say: O that I had one *Habeas corpus* now, the *Hilarius doctus* of the Common Law, to bring her here in a trice!

Enter Torcol, Rosabella weeping, Surda.

Tor. Why do you weep? will you be stubborn, and ruin your own Fortune and mine? is he not rich, and can main-
tain

tain you well? will he not marry you, and carry you into England; where Women, if they like not their Husbands, have liberty and continual opportunities to carve for themselves? Give o're this stubbornness, or —

Rosa. Hear me, Sir.

Tor. No; I'll hear nothing; either be well content to marry him, or I will carry you back to *Fen*, from whence I brought you; where I will either Sell or Prostitute you.

Rosa. I must dissemble my Love. Dispose of me as you please; I submit.

Tor. Sir, here she is; this is her Governante, whom I have plac'd as a Spy over her; who, tho' she has been deaf these three months, yet she is faithful, and understands by signs, very exactly. *[He makes signs to her.]*

Surda. I understand you; that I shou'd have a diligent eye over her, and suffer her not to go far abroad.

Tor. 'Tis right.

(Makes signs again.)

Sur. That I permit not any young man to speak to her; nor any, but this Gentleman.

Tor. Very well.

(Makes Signs.)

Sur. And, as soon as she has been at her Devotions, that we presently return home.

Tor. Good!

Ign. 'Tis very strange.

Tor. Signior, I have business calls me abroad: I'll leave you together. Remember the Sign, and the Money.

Ign. 'Tis here, upon Record. *(Pointing to his Forehead.)*

[Exit Torcol.]

My Rosabella — Hem, hem, hem —

Madam, and you my Masters of the Jury, this is an Action on the Case: — Fy, fy, my tongue repeats my old accustom'd words; I think I am pleading with her now.

Rosa. A man of strange behaviour.

Ign. Madam, pardon me, I was ne'r in Love before; but to come to the point. Madam, suppose you were my Client, and I were to examine your Cause, or your Case, 'tis all one in Law, I may do't — *Causa patet* — I have you by consent
of

of Parties; but shall I find your Case to be as your Uncle Tercol has declar'd it? *Quare.*

Sar. What says he, Charge?

Rosa. If all men spoke such Gibberish, 'twere a happiness to be deaf, as she is.

Ign. With submission, Madam Rosabella, the *Rosa Solis* of my heart, Love has made me a Legitimate Poet, and my Muse hath drawn a Declaration of my heart, with which I
 here present you. Ay, ay, *Turns from behind his girdle under his coat a black Box, which he takes off, and presents to Rosabella.*
 peruse it, 'tis *Billa vera*.

Rosa. What a strange Character is here?

Ign. Cuds me, I had forgot, I have writ 'em in Court-hand. I shall never out of this road of Law. *(Aside.)*

Well, be attentive, I'll read 'em to you.--- Hem, hem.---

Legal Verses on Rosabella.--- Hem, hem,---

Si possem vellem pour te Rosa ponere pellem.

Rosa. I am a stranger to the language.

Ign. That is,

For thee I wou'd--- Fight up to th'ears in blood.

Quicquid tu vis crava, & habebis singula Brava. *(have.)*

Tell me what 'tis thou dost crave, And every bit on't thou shalt

Et dabo Fee simple, si monstras Love's pretty dimple.

I'll give thee my Fee-simple,

If thou'lt show thy Love's pretty dimple.

Farthingalos, Biggos, Stomacheros & Periwiggos;

Pantaflos, Cuffos, Garteros, Spanica Ruffos,

Euskos, & Soccos, Tiffanas & Cambrica Smockos,

Pimpillots, Purfos, ad Ludos ibis & Urfos.

How dost like 'em?

Anglice Beargarden.

Rosa. Excellent!

Ign. Here, keep 'em in thy bosom--- Dost thou love me?

Rosa. Who can choose!--

Ign. Say'st thou so? I will make thee a good Jointure:

Faciam ut ames me plus & plus; that is, according to the

Legal!

Legal sence, and literal meaning of the Law, I will make thee to love me still more and more. And to encourage thee, thou shalt hear the Jointure I make thee. *I Ambidexter Ignoramus, infeof thee my wife Rosabella in taylor special of the scite of the Mannor of Tonguewell with its capital Messuages, and I give to thee all and singular Messuages, Tofts, Crofts, Cottages, Pigeon-houses, Mills, Fulling-Mills, Water-mills, Wind-mills, Gardens, Tenements, Walks, Ranges, Woods, Under-woods, Toppings, Loppings, Hedge-boots, House-boots, Fire-boots: With Moors, Marshes, Salt-Marshes, Fresh-Marshes; Turbaries, Alder-groves, Furzes, Common-pasture, Free-warren, Fisheries, Fouldings, and Tythes of Herbs, Grass, Corn, of Lambs, Hay, Flax, and Hemp. Stallage, Bridge-ways, Foot-paths: Escheats, Waives, Estrays; Chattells of Felons, Wreck-Maris*—

Anglicè Sea-wrecks.

Rosa. O, 'tis too much.

Ign. Stay, *Dum capio Anhelitum*, till I take breath, and I will give thee ten times as much.

Rosa. I don't know how to deserve all this.

Ign. Thou shalt only give me for't thy thatch'd Cottage, with free Ingress, Egress, and Regress.

Sur. That I cou'd but hear how finely he makes love!

Rosa. I don't know what you mean; but all I have is at your Service.

Ign. Well, though I don't now make my Entry, I'll take Livery and Seisin of thee in this kiss. *{ Offers to kiss her.*

Sur. Away---away. *{ Surda interposes.*

Ign. I'll have a *Quare impedit* for you, *Surda.*

Adieu my dear *Rosabella*, till by and by. — *Hoc mihi facit bonum apud Cor*; it does me good at heart. — But, for all this, I'll be crafty enough for *Torcol*; for when I come to *England*, I will marry a rich Wife, and keep this only in *Com-mendo* for a *Transi-tempus*, and so Traverse all my proceedings here. Good, I shall find *Precedents* enough for't there. [*Exit.*]

Sur. I perceive you love him.

Rosa. I love Death better.

Sur.

Ser. You do well; he looks like one that will make a good Husband.

Rosa. Which none can do for me, but *Antonio*; and he, I heard, is this day to set sail for *London*; how perfidious wou'd he prove, if he shou'd forsake me now! He has given me his Faith; if he leaves me, I am undone.

Enter Antonio, Trico.

Ant. My hope is all in thee, *Trico*.

Trico. Sir, I'll warrant you; this day, with deceit I will o'recome Deceit it self.-- But, Sir, wipe your eyes, and behold the Heav'nly Apparition.

Ant. My dear *Rosabella*! how happy were I now in the sight of her, if that old she-Dragon were away!

Tric. Sir, fear not: an old Bitch may bark, but has no teeth to bite.

Ant. But her barking may give her Master notice.

Tric. I'll put a Sop in her old Chops: I'll pretend to love her; in the interim, do you hold conference with your Mistress; but let your outward gestures and behaviour express much Discontent and Anger; that so, believing you to be fallen out, she may permit you to talk more freely.

Ant. I understand.

Tric. Save you, Madam Mouldy-chaps.

Ser. Touch me not; what do you mean? keep off your rude hands.

Tric. Heigho! So angry Lady!

Ser. You hurt my hand: stand away.—O, I see she's angry with *Antonio*: I like it well.

Tric. Heigho!

Ser. How he looks on me, and sighs, and makes Signs, as if he were in Love! points to his heart! 'Tis so. He shows me a Ring too; as much as to say, he will marry me! No, no, not I. Heav'n forgive me, for speaking against my Conscience.

Tric. Heigho! O lips of Leather! Nose of Purple hue; Eyes, like souffis in Candle Sockets!

Sur. I guess at his meaning; he is praising my beauty.

Tric. Heigho! --- O grunting Sow / hopper-ars'd Witch / Old, and hairy / Dry, and ugly / fit only for an *Incubus* to get a generation of Devils on. Heigho / heigho /

Sur. Ay, ay, men will flatter. 'Tis a pretty fellow; I feel my flesh inclinable to him. But yonder's *Antonio*, high in discourse with my Charge, of whom I am bid to beware.

Ant. She eyes us; counterfeit to be angry.

Sur. O, well done; you are displeas'd with him; chide him, chide him, do.

Rosa. Have you no remorse, to leave me in all my troubles, to be ruin'd by your absence? Be gone faithless man.

Sur. That's well again: I see she cares not for his Company.

Tric. Heigho! Heigho! Heigho! (*sighs 3 or 4 times.*)

Sur. Alas, alas! how his breast heaves! and how short he fetches his breath!--- He kisses my hand too.

Tric. O tawny wizen'd skin, and Spider-fingers!

Sur. How warm his lips are! Good law, how my flesh trembles / I am falling in Love, just like a Wasp into a Honey-pot--- O my heart!

Tric. She sighs like a Sow that has lost her first Litter.

Sur. How he squeezes me by the hand / his eyes gleg, and his mouth waters / --- O ho-ho-not so hard.

Ant. Pardon me; my Father compells me to be gone: I call *Faith* to witness, I go unwillingly from you.

Rosa. Had you satisfi'd my Unkles avarice with six hundred Crowns, I should not have been miserable.

Ant. I cou'd by no means procure the Sum.

Sur. How he shakes his head! and what signs of sorrow he shows for hurting me! No, no, I am not angry with you-- Goodness, goodness, how fond of me he is!

Ant. O, my *Rosabella*, believe me, 'tis death to me to lose you: and, how to leave you mine, what shall I do?

Rosa. I know not; but this I am certain of, that I am lost, without a quick relief; for my Uncle *Torcol* has sold me to *Ignoramus*, who has promis'd this day, either to bring, or send

send the Money, by one to whom I am to be deliver'd by a private token.

Tric. What's that I hear?

Sur. Good law, how he starts! he'll go out of's wits for Love.

Tric. Madam *Rosabella*, mind me, tho' I don't seem to speak to you: do you know what that Token is?

Sur. What says he now? -- Ay, ay, my Chuck, I have a grumbling towards you.

Rosa. I know not the Token; but this day he will either come, or send for me.

Tric. At what hour? -- Heigho!

Sur. He forgets I can't hear. -- Ay, ay, I have. Don't sigh so.

Rosa. I don't know the punctual hour.

Tric. No matter; Heigho; -- I will so bring matters about, that your Lover sha'n't go to sea to day; Heigho! -- nor you fall into the clutches of *Ignoramus*. -- Heigho! --

Sur. Dear! he'll break his heart with Sighing. Well, well, have patience; much may be in time.

Tric. Heigho! Sir, steal your Mistress off, while I hold Her in discourse here.

Rosa. And how then?

Tric. And then, -- Heigho! go and be marry'd.

Sur. To see the luck on't! well, Love is but Fancy.

Ant. She'll cry out.

Tric. Heigho! I'll muzzle her; I'll strangle her but I'll spoil her bauling; mind the minute. --

Sur. O, he makes Signs to kiss at parting. Ay, ay, do for once.

Ant. Now.

Sur. Oh! -- so, so, so -- not so hard: Eumh, eumh -- not so hard.

Trico kisses Surda, gripping her in his Arms, the while Antonio and Rosabella are stealing off.

Enter Torcol.

Tor. How! what's here to do? Murder, thieves, thieves.

Rosa. I am undone.

Tor. Come back there, huswife: keep off, *Antonio*:

Tric. Unlucky surprise!

Tor. O excellent Governess! you are at your lecherous tricks; you must be kissing a young fellow, while another is running away with my Niece! Get you in a doors--go--get you in--go--

Sur. Don't push me so, and misuse me, I may be marry'd ere long, if I will: here's a Ring towards it, 'tis so nigh the matter; and then get who you will to look to my Charge.

Tor. Go, get you in, I'll give you your reward. { *Ex. Rosa.*
O the cunning of *Trico*! But, Mr. Engineer, I shall { *Sur.*
lock up my Niece, and spoil your designs, and turn the old one out of doors to you; and let's see how many Rings you'll give her then; and e'en go and be marry'd or hang'd together. I'll play you trick for trick. Adieu, Sir. [*Exit.*

Tric. Go, and the Devil stretch thee, till thy neck stands right upon thy shoulders.

Ant. O, *Trico*!

Tric. Come, courage, and leave the event to Fortune and my Brain.

Ant. I must be gone: my Father by this time expects me.

Tric. Do so; we must be wary: your Father must not see us talking together; he is suspicious of me already. And here he comes. I'll steal off.

Enter Theodore.

Theo. *Trico*; *Trico*! whither are you going so sily? Why look you now so demurely?

Tric. I have been taking leave of my Master *Antonio*; I came to wish him a good Voyage: Heaven prosper him, and send him a safe return, that he may live to be a comfort to you. You have been an Indulgent Father, and bestow'd a great deal of pains and cost in his Education: Heaven bless him,

him, and send him grace to {Trico, all the while he talks;
make the right use on't. {is brushing his Masters cloaths,
and picking the lint off.

Theo. You are very pious.

Tric. I am not usually so in troth, Master.

Theo. You brush the dust from my cloaths, but cannot wipe off the suspicion which covers my mind: you have been tampering with my Son for no good.

Tric. Who I, Master? I with him well with all my Soul.

Theo. Well, go you to my Countrey-house, employ your self all this day in dressing up my Vineyard; but return in the Evening, and bring my Tenant with you.

Tric. Yes, Sir.

Theo. Let us go now to the Ship, *Antonio*. Here, these Letters give to your Mother; these to your Brother *Antonine*, and his Wife *Clara*; with my Love to 'em all.

Ant. Yes, Sir.

Theo. Come, Son, I'll see you on Ship-board; there's a Sailor without, staves for us: let's go.

Ant. O, *Trico*, I go to my Death!

Tric. Fear not:

My brain, to serve you, ne'r shall want a Plor.

Exeunt.

ACT II. Scē. I.

Antonio, Trico.

Tric. Stay a little, while I look round about— Here is nobody: Advance. What say you now, Sir, am not I *Trico* the Great?

Ant. *Trico* the most wonderful!

Tric. When your Father and you took Boat, to go to the Ship, I was not far behind you; and, when you put off, I threw my self into the next Boat, and follow'd you at a distance, and lay a loof off, till I saw him return to Land: then, with Sails and Oars, made up to your Ship, hal'd the Captain, and

and told him, that your Mother and her Family were newly arriv'd; and therefore your Father had sent me to bring you a shore again.

Ant. An arch contrivance.

Tric. Now is your Father saying to his Neighbours, My Boy *Antonio* is sailing for *England*; and, thinks he, my Servant *Trico* is labouring in my Vineyard.

Ant. But, now I am come back, is there any hopes that *Rosabella* shall be mine?

Tric. I hope *Trico* can do that too. Did you not see me speak to a man as we came along?

Ant. Yes; to a Pamphlet-carrier, that cries books about.

Tric. Yes, that Hawker, that Pamphlereer, wou'd you think it? he's as great a Knave as myself.

Ant. But *Torcol* is the greatest Knave of you all.

Tric. To one great Knave, must be set two little Knaves, such as I and *Cupes* are; that's the Rogue's Name: Give him but a little money before-hand, and he'll do wonders.

Ant. Here are ten pieces, which my Father gave me, for my Journey: I have no more.

Tric. 'Tis enough. With these, I will suborn *Cupes*; and after discover the whole design to you. I must now address my self to the *English* Broker, that lives here in this Town, to furnish us with Cloaths, for our undertaking. Do you, in the mean time, conceal your self, at a Friends house hard by: as soon as I can, I will attend you, and warrant a good effect.

Ant. Say you so?

Tric. No more, but away.

Ant. In thee, *Trico*, are all my hopes. [Exit Ant.]

Enter Cupes.

Cupes. Books, Books; who buyes my Books? new Books, witty new Books: Come, here's *News from the Sessions-house*; here's *Poor Robbins Intelligence*. Books, Books; who buyes my Books?

Tric. You, Books, Books! *Cup.*

Cap. I'll come to you presently. Come, who buyes my Books? New Books. Come, here's *The Poor Whores Repentance that is turn'd honest for want of Trading*; Here's *The Undone Bawd's Complaint against Fathers and Mothers*; Here's *The Chambermaids Huz and Cry after her lost Maiden-head*. Books, Books, who buyes my new Books? Here is *A Cure for Cuckolds*; *Patience, or a Halter*; *Probatum est*. Here is, *The Art of Secresse for Gallants who are lov'd by Citizens Wives*. Here is *The Usurer that light a Candle to look for his Conscience, but cou'd not find it*. Books, new Books. The Devil's in't, I can't sell one Book to day: I ha'n't yet taken one Soule, to drink my Morning's draught.

Tric. Burn your Books; 'tis a beggarly Profession: follow me, and thou shalt eat and drink of the best.

Cap. Shall we breakfast?

Tric. Upon Partridge and Pheasant.

Cap. Quickly then, I must perfonate, you say, one Tarcol?

Tric. Yes; but with a wry neck.

Cap. As thus.--- How do you like it?

Tric. Admirably well!

Cap. After, I am to counterfeit the servant of *Ignoramus*; the English Lawyer?

Tric. There, I am afraid, you'l be to seek.

Cap. No, don't doubt me for any trick, shape, or device: I have been almost of all Professions. I was a strowling Player in France; Pimp and Bravo to a Courtesan, at Venice; a counterfeited Creeple, at Naples; servant to a Mountebank, at Florence; a Muliteer, at Rome; a Vintner's Accountant, at Tholouse. In Holland, I carry'd about an Ape, in the habit of a Cardinal. Then I went to England, where I was first a Sow-gelder in the Countrey; afterwards, I was an under-Butler, or Wash-pot in the Inns of Court, amoug the Lawyers: For some misdemeanours I fled the Countrey, went to Geneva, where I got to be Vestry man; not liking the Profession, I came running away with the Church-Bibles, the Childrens Psalters, Testaments and Catechises, which I sold to the Hugonots here. With the gain hereof and my Wives Portion, I set up this beggarly Profession of Pamphleteer.

Tric.

Tric. Well, I find you are rarely qualify'd for our Design: Sow-gelder has been your Profession?

Cup. And for an *English* Clerk, with cut-finger'd Gloves, cropt hair, and a Sheeps face, match me again in *Europe*.

Tric. But, if *Ignoramus* comes himself, be sure to remember the Horn.

Cup. I warrant you. Not one of 'em knows me.

Tric. And, thus disguis'd, you will be the more unknown. But you must teach your Wife likewise to personate *Rosabella*; she is quick-witted, and will be apt to follow your instructions.

Cup. But I am afraid I sha'n't be able to persuade her to't; there's not such another Vixen Qcean in Town.

Tric. I know her to be a Fury.

Cup. She is all the Furies in one.

Tric. If I had three such Wives, I'de give the Devil two of 'em to fetch away the third.

Cup. I have given him mine a thousand times, with all my heart, and he's afraid to fetch her away.

Tric. But I'll give her and you that which shall overcome you both: Look you, here is eight Pieces of Gold.

Cup. Give it me, and I will tempt my Dame: Woman is still for the Golden morsel.

Tric. There; be careful of our business: I will go, and provide Properties for you and your wife. [Exit.

Cup. Farewell. I will now call forth my Wife, and purge away her Choler with a Golden Pill. I know she will come maunding after her old manner. *Polla*; why Wife, *Polla*: Where are you, *Polla*?

Enter *Polla*.

Polla. *Polla, Polla!* what a whooping and hollowing is here with you? I believe you are drunk.

Cup. Wou'd I were, *Polla*.

Poll. Do you so, swilling-tub? I wonder when you will wish me so? You'd have all the water come to your owa Mill, and be hang'd.

Cup. Be pacifi'd: I wish thou wert drunk, with all my heart, dear wife.

Poll.

Poll. Dear Devil: have you got any Money?

Cup. None. *Stops.*

Poll. I wou'd the Devil had all the Pamphlets, and Books, and the Writers of 'em too, and you into the bargain, that run about with 'em.

Cup. Clear up, my dear: what wilt thou drink?

Poll. Away.

Cup. Look out, and bless the day.

Poll. Dear Husband! what is that?

Cup. Gold, gold, my Girl; *Elixir Solis.*

Poll. Dear Husband, I ha'n't kiss'd thee to day.

Cup. Fall down and worship me.

Poll. I was angry but in jest: come, how much must I have, *Cupes?*

Cup. You shall have half, if you will doe me one courtesie.

Poll. What's that?

Cup. Canst thou in another habit, personate another Woman?

Poll. Very easily.

Cup. And make a surrender of thy Body to a Stranger?

Poll. Out, you Cuckold, you Wittal: I cou'd find in my heart to tear thy eyes out.

Cup. Be pacifi'd.

Poll. No, Sirrah, if I make you a Cuckold, it shall be for my own pleasure, and not for yours: make your self a Cuckold! laugh. *(Spits at him.)*

Cup. I mean not in any such way: wrong thy chastity! no, no.

Poll. Well, give me the Gold, let it be what it will; yet be it at your own peril.

Cup. There are two pieces for you; when the business is done, I will give you two more.

Poll. But look, in my absence, you bring none of your Wenches into my house, after your old manner.

Cup. No, no: I have Woman's flesh enough of thee. Now, *Polla*, let's go in, where I will give thee full instruction.

*What's the difference betwixt Man and Wife,
Both joyn to carry on th' affairs of life.* [Exeunt]

Enter Antonio, Trico.

Ant. I like your design.

Tric. The Broker will be here presently.

Ant. But what pawn shall we give him for the Cloaths we are to have?

Tric. You say well.

Ant. I have given you all my Money already.

Tric. Have you no Rings nor Jewels?

Ant. None at all.

Tric. Well, I have one then; put it on your finger; you shall have the credit on't.

Ant. 'Tis a fine large Stone: is it thy own?

Tric. 'Tis mine, at your Service: He's here: pretend to value it at a great rate. Save you, Sir.

Enter Pyropus, and Boy, with a bundle of Cloaths.

Pyr. Youth, show the Cloaths thou hast brought.

Ant. Quickly; for I am in great haste.

Pyr. Yea, and so am I likewise.

Tric. Master, this is a very good Sute to travel in.

Pyr. Yea, thou sayst true; it is a good Sute.

Tric. Capes shall wear these, and these; Polls, these; and the rest, as we find occasion.

Ant. Well, the price?

Tric. Only for one Day's wearing.

Pyr. I will be at a word with you, verily.

Ant. Do so, Friend.

Pyr. Verily, thou shalt give me forty shillings.

Ant. That is too dear, Country-man.

Pyr. Nay, verily.

Tric. Verily, it is well.

Pyr. I value them at forty Pistols.

Ant.

Ant. I have not so much money to leave in your hand.

Pyr. Verily then thou may'st give me a sufficient Mortgage.

Ant. I have nothing but a Ring here, of fourscore pound value.

Pyr. Verily, were it worth four hundred, it shou'd be forthcoming.

Ant. But how shall I be sure to have my Ring again?

Pyr. I have a Shop, verily.

Tric. He hath, verily.

Ant. You won't trust a Gentleman; why shou'd a Gentleman trust you?

Pyr. Verily, thou art free: give me my goods agen.

Tric. The man is honest; you may trust him.

Ant. Well, upon your word, I will.

Pyr. Verily, how it shineth! how it sparkleth, truly!

Tric. It sparkleth truly.

Pyr. Now I have done, verily 'tis meet for me to go my way.

Ant. Let your Boy carry these things to the Sign of the Anchor yonder.

Pyr. Yea. [Exeunt *Pyr.* and *Boy.*

Tric. Verily thou wilt hang thy self; the Ring is as counterfeit as thy zeal.

Ant. How?

Tric. Yea, verily, 'tis counterfeit. So, thus far our business succeeds well.

Ant. But now, if *Ignoramus* shou'd come himself to fetch *Rosabella*?

Tric. That's taken care for: *Caper* has his Lesson.

Ant. And if my Father shou'd meet me by accident in the streets?

Tric. I am prepar'd for that too. Be but a little wary at present to keep out of his sight. O, yonder comes *Pecus*, *Ignoramus* his puny Clerk: I have made some acquaintance with him, since he has been at *Burdeaux*; peradventure I may sift something out of him, as heretofore I have done. Go you in, and attire your self. Tell *Polla*, she must prink

her self up handsomely: and bid *Caper* be ready with his Horn.

Ant. Make haste to me; for without you, I am as a blind man without a guide.

Enter Pecus.

Tric. Friend *Pecus* how do you? You look very thoughtful; what's the matter?

Pecus. My brain has this two hours been in Labour, and is just now deliver'd of a Riddle; let's hear you solve it.

Tric. Proceed.

Pec. What creature is that which liveth by right and by wrong; which hath a great Heart, and no Heart; which is both an Ambidexter and a Bifront; which speaketh much, and speaketh nothing; which is Jeast in Earnest, and Earnest in Jeast; which speaketh *English*, *Dutch*, *French* and *Latin*; yet speaketh nor *English*, nor *Dutch*, nor *French*, nor *Latin*; which writeth Laws that they may be Misprisions, and which writeth Misprisions that they may be Laws; which maketh a Finite, Infinite; Truth, no truth; and no Truth, Truth?

Tric. The Devil?—No. Who speaks an unknown tongue? a Quack? No. Who makes Truth, no Truth? It must be a *Geneva* Preacher, when he goes about to expound a Text.

Pec. In that point you are right; but the Animal that Quadrates with all, is my Master *Ignoramus*.

Tric. I apprehend you; very exact indeed. What a Blockhead was I! But how does he? when is he for *England*?

Pec. Very suddenly; wou'd I cou'd get him there once.

Tric. Why, what's the matter?

Pec. Why, the Lady I told you he was fallen in love with, is to be his Wife; but instead of receiving a Portion with her, he is to give 600 Crowns for her. His Love for the Eady, and his grief to part with his Money, make such a combat in his brain, that I think he is scarce *Compos mentis*.

Tric.

Tric. 'Tis an usual thing; Young men have Wives for Love, the Old for Money.

Pec. But a pox of this giving Money for a Wife; it makes him so testy! And then the bustle he is in to put things in order for her reception, makes him so humorfome, the Devil can't please him fast enough. He makes one do, and undo; bids go, calls one back, then bids go again.

Tric. Is he so inconstant?

Pec. He knows not what he does; he puts his Cap on his Feet, and his Shooes on his head.

Tric. O ridiculous! and does he continue so?

Pec. He has been this two hours counting out 600 Crowns, which he is to pay down for her; but is in such a Huddle, that he counts 'em o'r and o'r, and can never count 'em twice together to be the same Sum.

Tric. Too much haste hinders business.

Pec. But he is now reconcil'd to the Sum: I see him coming forth, to go fetch the Lady. I am sent of an errand, and must be gone, e're he sees me. [Exit.

Tric. Adieu. Ho, *Caper, Caper*, be ready with your Horn, your Horn.

Trico runs to the door on the other side of the Stage, and calls: Polla hits him o're the head with a Broom.

Enter Polla.

Poll. There's for your bawling, whoe'er you are: here's a calling and a bawling, with a pox to you!

Tric. M^{rs} Polla, you are a little to blame at this time.

Poll. I cry you mercy, Ingenious Mr. *Trico*: I thought it had been some drunken companion of my Husbands.

Tric. Pox on you, get you in quickly, out of the way, and bid your Husband come forth, if his Horns are not too big for his doors.

Enter Ignoramus, with Money.

Ign. Here is the *Legem pone*.

Tric. 'Tis so; he has brought the Money.

Ign.

Ign. If I live, *Rafabella*,---*Dansaba veteres mensuras*,
I'll Dance the old Measures with thee.

Tric. What makes 'em stay so long? I must detain him.

Ign. I am coming for thee, *Propria persona*; I my self, in proper person.

Tric. Save you, Sir.

Ign. Sirrah, who are you? Ha!

Tric. A poor man, Sir, that hath spent all his Estate in Law.

Ign. Oh, oh, *In forma pauperis*; *abi via, abi via*; away, go.

Tric. Sir, I crave your Counsel.

Ign. My counsel, Knave? *Legem pone, legem pone.*

Tric. I am very poor, Sir.

Ign. Then your Cause is bad.

Tric. I must give *Cerberus* a Sop: I'll Ring away some Brass Money on him, which has long lain stinking in my Pocket. Here, and please your Worshp.

Ign. Many a good Cause is starv'd, for want of Money.

Tric. Now please to hear my Cause.

Ign. Well, have you joynd Issue?

Tric. Issue? What shall I say now?—Yes, Sir,—Issue, issue!

Ign. Declare.

Tric. My Grandfather *Grunnis*, the Son of *Bore*, had an Uncle call'd *Hog*.

Ign. *Quondam* Uncle.

Tric. You say right, Sir, *Quondam* Uncle. But the *Quondam* Uncle of the Sister of my *Quondam* Grandmother, who was Cousin-German to the Grandmother of my *Quondam* Father.

Ign. Well said *Quondam*: *Allons*.

Tric. Did bequest unto me a black Horse; the truth is, he had but a short come off; why shou'd I dissemble? he had no tail; but what then? shou'd any man put a Nettle under it?

Ign. In Tail special: In good earnest, by right, he cou'd not do't.

Tric.

Tric. He did, ne'r the less: but he did wince, and kick, and sing, till at last he ran quite away.

Ign. Take heed of that.

Tric. And he kill'd the Deer and Pheasants.

Ign. Oh, *Damage Faisant*: here must be a *Demon*.

Tric. Let me see in my Almanack;—Oh, it hail'd that Day.

Ign. A good circumstance, and makes for you.

Tric. Slow-man of *Burdeaux*.—What, not yet? Sir, and he not only put a Nettle under his tail, but he repleated all his mouth with Pepper.

Ign. Repleated! a *Replevit* will not serve in this Case.

Tric. O *Snails*! we are undone. What do you think of it, Sir?

Ign. What do I think of it? Was not that black Cheval your Chattel personal?

Tric. Chattel! yes, Chattel indeed.

Ign. You say well; there is the point indeed: for this is your Case; if *John-an-Oaks* infeoffat *John-a-Sittler de Black-Acre* and *White Acre*, in this Case *Tant* is void: all, all.

Tric. I think they are asleep.—But the Pepper being souff'd into his Nose, did make him stand an end of his legs before, and break wind backwards.

Ign. Souffing and Leaping, and Fizzling is a good Tenure; doubt it not.

Tric. But I am still afraid.

Ign. What need you fear? but take out a *Sub-pena* for him, and if he does not return *black Cheval cum costis et expensibus Damagie*, with Costs and fat Damages, say that *Ignoramus non habet Lex*.

Tric. I thank you, Sir.

Ign. Farewell, for I am in haste.

Tric. But, Sir, if you are *Ignoramus*, I have some good Counsel, to requite your love for that you gave me.

Ign. Yes, I am.

Tric. Then make all haste you can, Sir, into your house. Fly, be gone, haste, Sir, haste.

Ign.

Ign. Wherefore?

Tric. You love *Rosabella*, that lives here hard by?

Ign. What then?

Tric. One *Antonio* also is deeply in love with her; and in my hearing, did Swear most seriously, out of Revenge, to dismember you.

Ign. I'll swear the Peace against him.

Tric. He has sworn first.

Ign. 'Twill bear an Action.

Tric. But they'll be in action upon you first, exact your Virilities, and leave you an Eunuch.

Ign. He dares not commit a Trespass on my Body.

Tric. But he will, Sir. To my knowledge, he has hired a Sow-gelder to disable you; he is a dissolute cutter, and will certainly do't, for Money; he delights in Villany; I have known him do't for a Frolick.

Ign. I am in a strange place, and begin to fear.

Tric. Under pretence of Cat-gelding, he walks up and down to find you.

Ign. Look yonder! *Fabula est in Lupus.*

Tric. Oh, they are come at last.

To them, Antonio, and Cupes.

Ant. That we cou'd but meet with that old Whoremaster *Ignoramus*!

Cup. I'de leave him two Stone lighter than I found him.

Tric. Do you hear?

Ign. Client, Tremble, tremble, I tremble all over.

Cup. Trin, Tran--

Ign. What shall I do?

Tric. Hide your self behind me, lest they discover you; quickly, quickly, and as close as you can.

Cup. Trin-Tran-- Now, if we cou'd find him, here are the Instruments shou'd do the feat.

Ant. Friend, did you see the *English* Lawyer herabouts?

Ign. Say, I am gone for *England*.

Tric.

Tric. He's gone for *England*.

Ant. I bear, he was seen this morning.

Ign. Say, I am at home,

Tric. He's safe at home.

Ant. He sha'n't escape us.

Ign. Client, go side-long, side-long, good Client.

Tric. Close, close.

Ant. Ha! who's this? by his trembling and stealing away, this shou'd be he.

Tric. That's only a Friend of his, who hearing your design, is much concern'd.

Cup. A Friend of his!—Trin, Tran—I'll Caponize him; my hand is almost out, for want of practice: I'll begin with him. Does he creep behind?

Ign. Show me your *Testatum est Latitare*.

Ant. You shall have but little to show, e're we have done with you. Let's have him in.

Cup. Come into the Court.

Ign. I command you in the King's Name, to keep the Peace.

Tric. I beseech you, Gentlemen; he is my Patron:

Ant. We care not.

Ign. Look upon the Almanack first: the Sign is in *Scorpio*.

Tric. 'Tis dangerous.

Ign. Take heed; if I die within a year and a day,—

Ant. Your words move not.

Ign. What, will you judge me, *Non auditis Querela?*

Cup. No, no; you shall be judg'd by your Peers. Come.

Tric. I beseech you, Gentlemen, I beseech you: pray hear me.

Ant. If we let him go, he'll give his Friend warning, and prevent our design.

Ign. Client, *Balliato me*, Bay! me, good Client.

Tric. I engage for him to the contrary.

Ant. Look you to't.

Ign. So I'll get home, and send *Dalman* for *Rosabella*.

Cup. Is he gone?

Ign. et *Titillabo vos*, I'll tickle you for this. *Monstrabo*
distance. *vos Tricum de lege*, I'll bring you about with a *Cer-*
tiorari. [Runs off.]

Ant. Does he threaten? Follow him, follow him. Ha, ha, he.

Cup. Ha, ha, he.

Tric. Ha, ha, he. You are brave watchers!

Cup. We were ready at hand; we heard all your discourse, and were ready to burst with laughter.

Tric. He's in such a fear now, that he'll not go himself for *Rosabella*, but send one of his Clerks: therefore, *Cupes*, go, and get your selves ready; you for *Tercel*, and *Folla* for *Rosabella*.

Cup. I am gone.

Tric. Now, Sir, I'll go with you to a Painter.

Ant. What shall we do there?

Tric. He shall paint a little mole on your cheek; by the way, I'll acquaint you with the rest of the fallacy. Come, Sir, expedition is a main point of Policy.

[Exeunt.]

ACT III. SCE I.

Trico, *Cupes*, and *Dulman* alone.

Tric. [Have given Instructions to Mr. *Antonio*, the Painter is now painting the Mole on his cheek.]

Cup. Who is he yonder, that comes musing along?

Tric. The very man we expect. I have seen him, tho' he knows not me.

Cup. I'll step aside.

(*Cupes absconds.*)

Dul. I see here no body; but I am in a bodily fear, for there are many *infant Filiz*, Mad-caps, as they call 'em, here in *Bordeaux*.

Tric.

Tric. Cupes, listen to your Q.

Dul. My Master swore they wou'd have gelded him.

Tric. He sees me not.

Dul. My Master therefore gave me a Letter of Attorney to take Seisin of a certain Virgin call'd *Rosabella*: I long to see what kind of Creature she is. The house, according to his directions, must be hereabouts.—Hoe, Friend; pray do you know which is the Messuage of one Signior—Signior—

Tric. Signior who, Sir?

Tric. Signior—Pescods on't, it begins with a T. Of one Signior T-T-T—I have't here in black and white: *Torcol*, *Torcol*?

Tric. O ho, Signior *Torcol*, the *Portuguese* Merchant!

Dul. Ay, ay, *Ditto*; the very same.

Tric. Know him! ay, Sir, I am his Servant.

Dul. *In bono tempo*: what is your name?

Tric. *Mendoza*.

Dul. *Mendoza*! *In bono tempo*.

Tric. And who are you, if I may be so bold?

Dul. *Dulman*; Senior Clerk to *Ignoramus*.

Tric. *Dulman*, Clerk to *Ignoramus*! *In bono tempo*.

Have you brought the Crown?

Dul. Six hundred, truly.

Tric. *In bono tempo*. Do you know this hand?

Dul. *Pimpillos parso, ad Ludos ibis & Urso*. Right; he made these Verses on *Rosabella*. I pray call your Master, to tender the delivery of her to me.

Tric. I'll tell him you are here. (*Retires.*)

Dul. A good civil fellow this; but I wou'd not for something that he shou'd stay long: I seem for the present, to be in a Forest, and I do fear the Tax of *Hornegels*.

Enter Cupes, Trico.

Cup. *Los Diablos te gaunan picaro*: had you no more manners, Sirrah?

Dul. This must be he by his wry neck.

Cap. Not to bring him in to drink a glass of Wine? what, stand you still? where is *Alonzo*? where is *Pedro*? where is *Guzman*?

Tric. I know not, Sir,

Cap. Sirrah, why stir not you then? don't you know my mind, Sirrah?

Dul. Sir, I pray, *Noli chasare propter me*, chafe not for me in any wise.

Cap. Have you brought, Sir, have you brought?

Dul. *Ony, ony dea*, here are 600 Crowns.

Cap. Take it, *Atendona*, and count it.

Dul. Deliver now *Rosabella* to me for my Masters use.

Cap. I'll go fetch her. But stay; first tell me what is the private Token agreed on?

Dul. A bent *Spanish Pistol* among the Money.

Cap. Is there so? look, *Atendona*.

Tric. 'Tis here, Sir.

Cap. Right. Your Name, Friend?

Dul. *Dulman*.

Cap. Take this for your pains, and be *Dulman* still. Go, bid *Rosabella* make haste; and, while she puts on her Scarf, bring me a bottle of Wine to drink here.

Dul. 'Twas the last thing I did: 'tis needless indeed.

Cap. Bring't, I say.

Dul. *Est valde cortesius homo*; a very courteous Gentleman.

Cap. Friend, desire your Master to love my *Rosabella*, for my sake; I brought her up as my own Child, and with her as well. My heart grows heavy at her departure: but I think he is a worthy person, and will be tender of her.

Dul. Assuredly, she will receive all the Courtesie *England* can afford: my Master is some-body there: he had made her a good Jointure, for I have ingros'd it.

Enter Trico, with Wine.

Tric. She's coming, Sir.

Cap. Fill some Wine. Here, Friend, here's to thee, remembering thy Master.

Dul.

Dul. Thank you, Sir.

Cup. So, fill another glass, and let him mend his Draught, while I go in, and hasten my Niece.

Tric. Come, Sir, my Service to you.

Dul. I thank you. A cup of special good Wine, this.

Tric. Since you like it, take the Bottle, and make one draught on't.

Dul. I ha'n't drunk the like time out of mind.

Tric. So, no harm in all this.

Enter Cupes, Polla.

Cup. Be sure you shed tears enough.

Poll. Doubt not moisture in a Woman's eyes.

Cup. Is the Wine out? go, fetch t'other bottle. [*Ex. Tri. Rosabella*, my dear Niece, or rather Daughter, I here deliver thee to this Man, that he may conduct thee to thy Husband. I cannot forbear tears at parting; but do not thou afflict thy self, if thou lov'st me.

Poll. My Uncle, nay rather my Father, for so you have been to me, tho' I shall be marry'd to a good Husband, and tho' it be ne'r so much for my good, yet to leave you—

Enter Trico.

Cup. You do increase my tears.

Tric. O, *Dulman*, *Dulman*, who can refrain weeping?

Dul. Not I, in sadness; the sight has drawn the Sack into my eyes already.

Tric. You'll have a Mistress of a sweet disposition.

Dul. She seems a very tender-hearted Lady.

Cup. But come, away with sorrow; we have more reason to rejoyce than weep, to see thee well marry'd.

Dul. Ay, indeed, forsooth.

Cup. Why, let us be merry then.

Dul. You speak well, Sir.

Cup. Shall us laugh?

Dul. If you please.

Cup.

Cup. Shall us drink?

Dul. If you please.

Cup. A brimmer?

Dul. If you please.

Cup. You'll pledge me?

Dul. *Ego te faciam rationem.*

Cup. What say you?

Dul. I'll do you reason.

Cup. Give him a Bumper.

Dul. To you again, Sir, *Contra et dispositum*, against you are dispos'd.

Cup. Come now, Neece, be chearful.

Pol. As I can, Sir, to part from you.

Cup. I'll see you every day, while you stay at *Burdeaux*.

Friend, present my Service to your Master.

Dul. Your Servant, Sir.

Cup. Stay, take t'other glass e're you go.

Dul. So—*Quam curtesis!* how courteous they are!

Cup. Cousin, good buy.

Tric. Madam *Rosabella*, Good buy to you.

Cup. Good buy, Signior *Dulman*.

Dul. *Vale, Domine.* Alas, how she snobs! I can't yet see her face, for her handkerchief: I long to know how handsome she is.

[*Exeunt Dul. Polla.*]

Cup. Farewell, *Polla*; farewell, wither'd Pippin.

Tric. Farewell, *Dulman*; farewell, drunken Clerk.

Cup. And heigh for our Town! Give us more Sack.

Tric. Bravely atchiev'd! let me kiss thee for't.
More Sack, more Sack.

Cup. Now I think on't, no more at present: I'll go put on my other dress, and be transmogrifi'd to *Dulman*.

Tric. Remember his phrase: he was something peculiar in his way of speaking.

Cup. I liv'd amongst the herd, when I was an under-Butler in *England*: I'll be *Dulman* himself.

Tric. Nay, I believe *Torcol* don't know him.

Cup. If he knows one Clerk, I'll be another: Let me alone for a come-off.

Tric.

Tric. I'll call forth *Torcol*, and pretend I come with very advantageous conditions: as you see occasion, intervene.

Cap. I'll be transform'd in a minute.

[*Exit.*

Tric. Now Luck send that *Torcol* be at home. *Tic. Toc.*

Enter Torcol.

Tor. I am a Prophet; my mind gave me that *Trico* was here, and here I find him.

Tric. Signior, I have a great affection for *Surda* your Servant.

Tor. You love *Surda*? no, no, I am awake.

Tric. Stay, Sir: I have business of importance with you.

Tor. O, you are upon your Tricks! but you cannot deceive me.

Tric. Pray hear me.

Tor. To what purpose?

Tric. 'Twill be to your advantage.

Tor. To have nothing to do with you.

Tric. Stay but a minute.

Tor. Well.

Tric. After Mr. *Antonio* understood that Mr. *Rosabella* was to be married to Signior *Ignoramus*, being scarce Master of himself, he set his Wits to work for Money; at last, he found out a Friend, who will put into your hands Plate and Jewels, to the value of 300 Pistols, for Security, till he pays you 600 Crowns; and says, if you'll resign your Neece to him, he'll make it up seven.

Tor. A meer Invention.

Tric. Do you think I come to cozen you?

Tor. If you cou'd, I know you wou'd.

Tric. Accept the offer, and try me.

Tor. 'Tis now too late; to be short, my Neece is marry'd to *Ignoramus*.

Tric. Ay, is it so? then the Devil take thee.

Tor. Thou art a fitter morsel for him.

Tric. Thou monstrous piece of crookedness!

Tor. Do, rail on. Stay, who have we here?

Enter r

Enter Cupes like Dulman.

Cup. Friends, have a care of Names; Words will bear an Action.

Tric. But Signior *Torcol*, one word with you.

Cup. *Torcol*! Ay, *Torcol est nomen ejus*, that is his Name: It must be he by his wry-Neck.

Tor. How he surveys me! He has the habit of a Stranger, and I guess he belongs to *Ignoramus*.

Cup. Under favour, Sir, is your name Signior *Torcol*?

Tor. So I am call'd.

Cup. Then you are the person I am sent to: I come from one Mr. *Ignoramus*.

Tric. I am undone: — 's death!

Tor. *Trico* has found him out; he frets: come this way, pray.

Tric. Friend, a word with you.

Tor. His Business is with me.

Tric. Not with you, Sir; but with one of your Name: there is another Signior *Torcol*, a Friend of mine, I'll carry you to him.

Tor. 'Tis with me, Friend; I am the man: you come with Money from *Ignoramus*?

Cup. Yes, with 600 Crowns, and — *Quare noddas, & winkas super me?*

Tric. Who I? I don't wink, nor nod at you.

Tor. And you have something to say to me concerning my Niece?

Cup. Yes; Mrs. *Rosabella*. — *Cur jogges & kickas me iterum?*

Tor. Ay, leave your jogging and kicking: all the dumb Rhetorick of your motions will nothing avail you, *Trico*.

Tric. Peuh! you are mistaken.

Tor. You shall see that presently. I'll dispatch the business; but what's the private token?

Cup. A bent piece of *Spanish* Gold.

Tor. What think you now? am I mistaken, *Trico*?

Tric.

Tric. He has swallow'd the Bait, Hook and all. (*Aside.*)
Yes indeed, Sir, you are mistaken.

Tor. In what, I beseech you?

Tric. This man is no Servant to *Ignoramus*.

Tor. Good!

Tric. But one hir'd, by Mr. *Antonio*, to deceive you.

Tor. Good again!

Tric. And, if you don't take heed, he'll have M^{rs} *Rosabella* from you.

Tor. Excellent!

Cup. Yes, Sir, I hope I shall: that's my business.

Tor. I desire to be so couzen'd: he gives me the Money, tells me the private token. Ha, ha, he.

Cup. Now, Sir, You know what's to be done; I am commanded to use Expedition: Here is the Money, but where is the Lady?

Tor. I'll go in, and count the Gold, and then you shall have what you come for.

Tric. Friend, follow me; I'll carry you to the true Lady: He'll deceive you, and put a Fob person on you.

Cup. I understand a fob Plea, I'de have you to know.

Tor. Listen not to him, he's an Impostor.

Cup. I see, by his Physnomy, that he is *Nebulo in grano*, a knave in grain.

Tor. Who is deceiv'd now?

Tric. Why that are you; remember I tell you so.

Tor. I'll remember it. I am going now to *Surda*: will you command me any service to her? [*Ex. Tor. Cup.*]

Tric. Ha, ha, he! So:

When wary men the greatest caution use,

'Tis then they are most subject to abuse.

Exit.

Enter Ignoramus, Pecus, Polla.

Pec. Master, I can't find *Dulwan*.

Ign. No? *Facias Hunc & crium post eum*: Make Hui and Cry after him.

Pec. I think he's run away.

F

Ign.

Ign. Cause him to be attach'd, *Pecus*.

Pec. It shall be done.

Ign. What a Misprision, what a deceit is this?

Pol. Come, my dear, why this strangeness? not kiss me, now I am come!

Ign. Avoid, Satan; be gone.

Pol. Indeed you are unkind.

Ign. Keep off, thou unclean Spirit.

Pol. This to me——

Ign. In the name of Goodness, what art thou?

Pol. I am *Rosabella*.

Ign. *Rosa Diabla*: You a Rose! a Canker. I behold your face, and see plainly that *Non concordat cum recordo*.

Pol. I am *Rosabella*.

Ign. You are a Sorceress, a Hag, I will Indict you for a Witch, *Viz.* That you, Spinster, (I shall learn your Name) not having the fear of God before your eyes, but seduc'd by the Instigation of the Devil, have practis'd the wicked arts of the Devil, *Korates* Witchcraft and Sorcery, In, Upon, and Against the person of *Ambidexter Ignoramus*: *ponam te super Patriam, se vivas*; as I live, I'll put you upon your Countrey.

Pol. What says my dear?

Ign. My dear? Off with your hands. You ride in the Air *super Broomas*, on *Broomsticks*.

Pol. My dear I think is disturb'd in mind.

Ign. I am scarce *Compos mentis*; I think I am bewitch'd in earnest: but, thou weatherbeaten Hag, 'tis thou hast don't; but I'll draw blood on thee, and turn thee out of my doors.

Pol. Nay, then, let's try whose Nails are sharpest. *Scratches*

Ign. Keep the peace, keep the peace.

Pol. You fustly, musty, dusty, rusty, filthy, stinking old Lawyer.

Ign. O for a *Supersedeas de non molestando*!

Pol. Am I *Rosabella* now?

Ign. I'll to the Office, and have an Appeal for blows and maims.

Pol.

Pol. A Peal! If you are for a Peal, I'll ring you a Peal about your ears.

(*Beats him.*)

Ign. O murder, murder; help, *Pecus*, help.

Enter Pecus.

Pol. Are you, Sirrah, coming to lift your hand against your Mistress?

Pec. O mercy, mercy.

Pol. Now, you Fustilugs, who am I now?

Ign. Any body for a quiet life.

Pol. I am then *Rosabella*, and your Wife. Heigh! where are all my Servants here? bring me the keyes of the Closets, and Trunks; open all the Rooms; and call in a Scrivener, that I may take an Inventory of my Goods. Heigh! where are all these lazy Rogues, and idle Huswives? I'll ferret you out of your holes with a vengeance. [*Exit.*]

Ign. She is the Devil's Dam: she has a Legion in her.

Sum valde brufatus, I am very much bruin'd; but, *Pecus*, you can witness she assaulted me, *Vi & armis*: I'll have an Action of Battery.

Pec. If an Action of Battery lye for scratching, I'll have one against her too; for she has made my face like an Almanack, fill'd it with red Letters: the Devil pays her nails for her.

Ign. Look out, *Pecus*, and see which way she's gone.

Pec. I see her just now going out of the house.

Ign. Run then, Barricado up all the doors, make fast the shutters of the windows, call in the Neighbours, and take down the Arms in the Hall, and be upon guard: let her have no Ingrefs nor Regrefs.

Pec. She'll come in at Windows, and Chimny-tops.

Ign. Sprinkle the house with Holy-water, call in the Priests of the Parish, they shall pray her to the Devil; then fetch me a Surgeon, to take the venom of her Tallons out of my face.

Pec. I dare not look out of doors; but I'll call out at the Windows, to one that lives over the way. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter Cupes, Rosabella.

Cup. Mistress, this is my poor habitation; here I must leave you a while.

Rosa. But will you be as good as your word, and bring *Antonio* to me?

Cup. Take heart-o'-grace; he will be here presently. Go in here: I'll shut the door, and go look him.

Rosa. You'll not stay long?

Cup. I'll be here again presently.

Rosa. Your haste shall be rewarded. { *Rosa goes in, & shuts the door.*

Cup. So; now I will go to the Tavern o're the way, where he has bespoke Supper: there he said I shou'd find him; at least, I shall find something that's good, to entertain me till he comes. [*Exit.*]

Enter Polla: Rosabella at the Window.

Pol. Ha! he's not within; the door's shut. *Tic, Toc.*
Why, *Cupes*! Husband!

Rosa. Who's there? what wou'd you have?

Pol. This is fine! A strange Woman, as the Mistress of the house! What she wou'd have! why, who are you? and what have you to do here?

Rosa. The Master of the house is from home; but he'll be here presently.

Pol. This is one of his goodly Harlots, with a Pox.

Rosa. You mistake; I am no such creature.

Pol. Was it for this, he was so willing to employ me abroad; to bring his Jades into my house, as soon as my back's turn'd? I'll Ferret you out of your Burrough, you { *Bounces at the door.*
Whore you.

Rosa. What will become of me? with what a man am I intrusted? Pray be pacifi'd; I mean no man harm.

Pol. No harm, you Slut! I'll be with you by (*Bounces.*)
and by.

Rosa.

Rosa. The Woman, sure is mad. — She's (*Goes in.*)
got in: I am undone.

(*Within*) *Pol.* Come down, you Carrion; come down
here, or I'll fetch you down, with a horse-Pox.

Polla enters, pulling in Rosabella by the hair.

Come, come out of my house, you Strumpet.

Rosa. Pray don't misuse me.

Pol. I'll tear you to pieces, you Carrion.

Rosa. O! pray let me go.

Pol. Give me your Nose, you Slut.

Rosa. O Heavens! Forbear, pray forbear.

Pol. You don't fear what man can do to you, and do you
complain of this? Go, you Quean; and as you like this,
come again.

Rosa. O me, unfortunate! [*Exit.*]

Pol. Now will I go hunt all the Taverns in the Town, but
I'll find this Rogue. He provided meat, but I'll give him
Sauce! Run a whoring as soon as ever he has got Money!
[*Exit.*]

Cupes, and Fiddlers, in a Tavern; Boy.

Boy. Walk in there.

Cup. Come, let's see what provision you have got, Sirrah.
Friends, Rosin your Bows, and new-string your Fiddles; the
Cats-guts to night must squeak for't, to drown the Cries of
a Departing Maidenhead: and we, this night, will eat and
drink away all the sorrow of our past lives. I'll drink till I
drown the thoughts of a scolding Wife.

1. *Fid.* Our Instruments are fixt.

2. *Fid.* We'll make the Strings Dance to their own Musick.

Enter 2. Boyes, with Bottles of Wine, and a Tray of Fowl.

Boy. Here, Sir.

(*Cupes takes the Tray.*)

Cup. Look you Friends, Wine and Meat in abundance! O
sweet Plenty! O you Capons, Pheasants and Partridges, how
I do.

I do love and honour you! you are the Nobility of Birds;
the very Peers of the Realm above: how richly, how mag-
nificently are you Cloath'd! how greedily do I wait on
you!

Polla peeps in.

Pol. O, here's the Rogue!

Cup. And thou, my beloved fat Friend, how fairer art
thou than my Wife *Polla*!

Pol. What says he of me? I'll listen a while.

Cup. O that she were but plump like thee; or had but
such a fine white skin: then, how shou'd I dote on her!
But a Pox on't, Friends, a *Westphalia* Ham to her is Ala-
baster: She is Stockfish, Red Herring; wrinkled, and dry as
they: She is *Egyptian* Mummy.

Pol. O Rogue!

Cup. But come, give us a Floutish, and a glass of Wine,
and we'll sing her praises backward, as we did the other
night.

Pol. I'll make one in the *Chorus*.

SONG.

*My Wife has a Tongue, as good as e'er twang'd;
At every word, she bids me be hang'd.*

She's ugly and Old;

And a cursed Scold;

With a damnable Nunquam Satis:

For her Tongue, and her Tail,

If ever they fail,

The Devil shall have her gratis.

For her Tongue, &c.

Pol. I'll make 'em change their Tune.
Keep Time, you Rogues, keep Time.

{ *Beats 'em with
a Broom.*

1. 2. Fid. Oh! Oh! —

Cup. What now?

Pol. This--- this--- you Rogue; this, you Rascals.

1 Fid.

1 *Fid.* O my head !

2 *Fid.* Oh my Fiddle !

Cup. O--O--O, dear Wife ! forgive me this once.

Pol. Down on your knees.

Cup. O, my dear Wife, will you drink any Wine, my Honey ?

Pol. I'll Wine you :---There's *{ She throws down the*
your Wine. *{ Table and Wine.*

Cup. O, dear Polla, shed my blood, but spill not the Wine.

Pol. Think you I'll drink any of the Wine you prepar'd for your Whore ?

Cup. Thou shalt have Capon and Pheasant, my Duck.

Pol. Call your Whore, you Wittal, that you had shut up in my house : all this good cheer was for her ; but I have given her her first course.

Cup. O, wife ! have you been meddling with the Lady ?

Pol. Yes ; I have sent her a Whore-grazing. Did you think I'de suffer her to Roost in my house, you Woodcock ?

Cup. What's become of her, you Carrion ?

Pol. Go look, you Whoreson.

Cup. We are undone. 'Twas Mrs. *Rosabella*, Mistress to Mr. *Antonio*, that gave us all that Gold.

Pol. 'Twas your Whore, you Rogue.

Cup. You lye, you Bitch, 'twas she : all this good cheer was provided for their Wedding-Supper, and you have turn'd her out of doors ; we are all undone.

Pol. You Sor, why did not you tell me she was to be there ?

Cup. I forgot it.

Pol. Ay, you drunken Sor, you forget every thing : you forget a-nights that your own Wife is a-bed with you, you Rascal.

Cup. What's to be done ? I am at my wits-end.

Pol. Leave off your sotting and drinking, you Whoreson, and go look her ; go hunt about the Streets : you have a good Nose to follow a Whore, you smell-smock Rogue ; try what you can do to find an honest Woman.

Cup.

Cup. Ah, Catterpillers eat your flesh! Better be troubled with all the Whores in Town, than one such damn'd honest Woman as thy self. What a good Supper are we like to lose! A curse on the Carrier that brought you to Town.

Pol. Go, you Hog.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Rosabella.

Rosa. Whither shall I fly for protection? My late ill treatment has so amaz'd me, I know not which way to turn; and fear to ask the charitable assistance of any: and where to find *Antonio* I know not. If I wander in the streets, I am in danger to be seen by my Uncle. There is no staying here. Fortune direct my steps to the blest sight of my lov'd *Antonio*.

[*Exit.*]

Enter Cupes.

Cup. How shall I come off with *Trico*, for this mischance? what shall I answer to Mr. *Antonio*, for the loss of his Mistress? but how shall I pacify my Stomach, for the loss of my Supper?

Enter Antonio.

Ant. Oh, *Cupes*, *Trico* but now inform'd me that *Rosabella* is safe at your house: I cou'd not have receiv'd more joyful news. Come, *Cupes*, carry me to her.

Cup. *Hærent Caponis pectore vultus.*

The generous virtue of the Wine I find,
And the tooth's valour, running in my mind:
My eyes still dwell upon the Capons breast.

Ant. Why dost thou not stir nor answer me?

Cup. *O mihi post nullo Perdix memorande sodales.*

O well-fed Partridge, that art still to be
'Bove all thy fellows to be prais'd by me.

Ant. Art thou mad? answer me: carry me to *Rosabella*.

Cup.

Cup. Dic quid fecerunt optima vina mali ?

What evil hath been done, or meant,
By Wine so good and excellent?

Ant. I grow impatient. *Cup.*, speak; is *Rosabella* in your house, or has some unlucky chance depriv'd us of her? Is she there? or is she lost? Say.

Cup. O the good Wine that's lost, and the bottles thrown down and broken! The drunken guests perchance deserv'd to fall; But those so precious Vessels not at all.

Ant. The fellow's distracted; he answers to nothing I say. Why, *Cup.*, *Cup.*! speak, or I'll run my Sword—

Cup. Ah! who calls?

Ant. Is my *Rosabella* in your house?

Cup. She was in my house.

Ant. And where is she now?

Cup. I brought her thither; but the cursed Bitch-Fox, my Wife, came in my absence, and suspecting her to be some Wench of mine, beat her out of doors.

Ant. O barbarous Woman! cou'd she have the heart to injure so Divine a Beauty, and throw her out of doors?

Cup. Cou'd she have the heart to come to the Tavern, and o'rethrow the Table, and spill all the Wine?

Ant. Which way went she?

Cup. I know no more what's become of her, than of the Partridges and Pheasant, which she too threw about, and us'd most barbarously.

Ant. That so great a Treasure shou'd be committed to a Drunkard! I will wander about, till I find her; but which way I shou'd first turn, I know not: Heaven direct me, and protect her from harm. [Exit.]

Cup. O that such Heavenly food shou'd fall into the Clutches of such a Devilish outrageous Woman! I will not sleep, before I once more set my eyes upon those delicate Creatures. Direct me, you Destinies, where to find 'em; and from Dog and Cat, and every ravenous Beast, Defend 'em. [Exit.]

End of the Third Act.

ACT IV. Sc. 5.

Rosabella, Antonio, *meeting as by chance.*

Rosa. **W**Here do I wander? what will be the end
Of my misfortunes? O my Antonio!
Unless I find thee soon, my heart will break.

Ant. With hasty steps I have walk'd through every street,
And fix'd my eyes on every Woman which
I met, but cannot find my Rosabella.

Rosa. Is not that Antonio? is it? Joyful sight!

Ant. Ha! blest turn of Fate!

Rosa. My Antonio!

Ant. My Rosabella! Oh might I for ever hold this wealthy
Treasure in my Arms!

Rosa. You shall lose me now no more; here, like the Ivy
round the Oak, I'll twine, and clasp you thus for ever.

Ant. Nothing but death shall part us.

Rosa. I hope all things will fall out happily, because we
met so luckily. But, tell me pray, how came you by that Mole
on your right cheek?

Ant. You have often heard me speak of a twin-Brother I
have in England.

Rosa. His name Antonine.

Ant. He is so like me, that every body that has seen him
there, when they come here, mistake me for him: I am daily
ask'd by Strangers that come hither, when I left England;
missing him: and, wot not that he has a Mole on the right
Cheek, they would not be persuaded but that I am he.

Rosa. It often happens so amongst Brothers; especially
Twins.

Ant. The Painter therefore, by Trico's counsel, hath set
this Artificial Mole upon my Cheek, that the better I may
pretend to be my Brother Antonine, and newly come from
London from my Mother-in-Law.

Rosa.

Rosa. To what intent?

Ant. That, by this means, we may be receiv'd into my Father's house.

Rosa. You, peradventure may be entertain'd; but what will become of me?

Ant. You shall have admittance too. My Brother *Antoine* has lately marry'd *Clara*, my Mother's Daughter by her former Husband *Manly*: you are now to be her, and my Wife *Clara*.

Rosa. And you my Husband *Antoine*.

Ant. Right.

Rosa. But don't your Father know that *Clara*?

Ant. No; for when Mr. *Manly* brought my Mother over to *Burdeaux*, she left her there with a Grandmother, who carry'd her far into the North of *England*, and kept her there, till now lately that she dy'd: since my Mother went over, she sent for her up to *London*.

Rosa. To marry with your Brother *Antoine*?

Ant. Yes.

Rosa. But why has your Brother liv'd all this while there?

Ant. As soon as my own Mother dy'd, my Father's first Wife, he left *England*; my Brother and I were then but Children: my Uncle took him, to breed him up in the way of Merchandise there, as my Father did me here; that we two Brothers might, like them, traffick together, and hold correspondence.

Rosa. Your Father then marry'd this wife here in *Burdeaux*?

Ant. Yes. Old *Manly* came and liv'd here some few years before his death, upon the account of Merchandising: When he dy'd, my Father marry'd his Widow. But now do you know what I would have you do?

Rosa. Instruct me.

Ant. When we meet with my Father, we will both of us pretend not to know who he is.

Rosa. Very well.

Ant. I have a Letter, as if 'twere sent from my Mother;

Trico excellently well has counterfelted her hand.—I wou'd have said more, but I see my Father coming forth: comply with my discourse, and assist me in what you can.

Rosa. Yes.

Enter Theodore.

Ant. Let us walk towards him.

Theo. Ha! who is this, my Son *Antonio*? It can't be him; he walk'd by, and took no notice of me: yet he's very like him. Ho, *Antonio*! He makes no answer, but looks about him, as if he did not know where he is. 'Tis certainly *Antonio*. Why are not you at Sea, *Antonio*?

Ant. What means the old Gentleman?

Theo. Why don't you Answer? *Antonio*!

Ant. Who wou'd you speak with, Sir?

Theo. With you. What do you here? and who is this Gentlewoman with you?

Ant. My Wife, Sir.

Theo. A Strumpet; a lewd Woman, that has seduc'd you.

Ant. Good words wou'd better fute your gravity; but I pardon you, Sir, in respect to your Age.

Rosa. You are very uncivil to Strangers; this from a man of your years! Fy, Sir.

Theo. Am I then deceiv'd? Peradventure 'tis some body like him, and not he: he has other Cloaths on, indeed.

Pray tell me, Sir, is not your Name *Antonio*?

Ant. I am not *Antonio*; but my name is very near it.

Theo. Certainly you are *Antonio*.

Rosa. The old Gentleman's craz'd.

Ant. Ay, he's one not well in's wits.

Theo. Either you are *Antonio*, or I am out of my wits.

Rosa. Come, Husband, let's go.

Ant. You call me *Antonio*, and talk as if you knew me.

Theo. I saw him on board; the Ship is gone: I know not what to think.

Ant. He begins to stagger.

Theo.

The. Pray, what may I call your name?

Ant. My name is *Antonine*.

The. *Antonine*! of what Countrey?

Ant. An *Englisman*; as I perceive you are.

The. Your Fathers name?

Ant. *Theodore*.

The. Where lives he?

Ant. In this City.

Rosa. Let's be gone: he'll ne'r have done his questions.

The. Pray, let me see your Cheek.

Rosa. He is very curious and inquisitive.

The. Here is the Mole. My Son *Antonine*, come to my embraces.

Ant. How, Sir?

The. I am thy Father: before I saw the Mole, I took thee for thy Brother *Antonio*.

Ant. Give me your blessing, Sir.

Rosa. And me too, Sir.

Ant. This is my Wife, Sir.

The. *Clara Manly*!

Rosa. That was my Name.

The. Give you joy: Heaven bless you both. Daughter, I am heartily glad to see you. But, Son *Antonine*, how does your Mother? is not she come with you?

Ant. She is well, Sir, and remembers her best love to you: in this Letter, you will understand the occasions that detain her.

The. I will peruse it presently. Your Brother *Antonio* is this very Morning gone for *England*: I sent him to wait upon his Mother, and you two, hither.

Ant. I was just going to enquire his health: I am sorry I shall not see my self in him, so soon as I hop'd.

Enter Trico.

Tric. From my lurking-hole, I have observ'd all passages:

I'll

I'll appear, as if I just now came sweating from his Countrey-house.---Oh hot; sultry hot: peuh, hot, hot.

The. O, *Trico*, is my Tenant come with you?

Tric. He has got an Ague, and this is his sick day; but to morrow he'll wait on you. Master *Antonio*! I thought, Sir, you had been gone for England.

The. Ha, ha: and who do you think this is, *Trico*?

Tric. Mr. *Antonio*.

The. No; this is my Son *Antonine*, his Twin-Brother. He's very like him indeed.

Tric. You are pleas'd to tell me so, Sir; but I know Mr. *Antonio*, when I see him.

The. Has my Son *Antonio* a mole on his Check?

Tric. No; but I have heard Mr. *Antonine* has.

The. Go, and look then.

Tric. Goodly, Sir, we're not for that Mole, I shou'd have sworn it had been my Master *Antonio*: they are as like, as like may be.

The. That's my Son's Wife too.

Tric. Good Lord!

The. Daughter, I believe you may be weary, after your Voyage: *Trico*, wait upon my Daughter in; my Son and I will have a little more discourse.

Tric. Gods nigs, Sir, yonder's the damn'd Broker! we are undone.

Ant. What shall I do? I have his Cloaths on my back. Help, *Trico*, or we are undone.

Tric. Madam, go in; while I run to *Cupes*: my Master won't see us, he's reading the Letter.

Enter Pyropus.

Pyr. Verily, the World is nothing but deceit; there is no troth in man, yea none at all: Witness the Ring I receiv'd for a pledge; the Jeweller tells me the Stones are false, yea, false as the heart of the owner thereof.

Ant. I sweat, as at the approach of an evil Spirit.

The.

The. This Letter is lovingly and heartily written.

Pyr. Here is *Antonio*, the grand Deceiver.

Ant. Sir, will you please to go in? I am a little indispos'd with my Voyage.

Pyr. Thou man, doth it become one of thy substance to be an Impostor?

The. Ha, ha: another mistake!

Pyr. Yea verily, I was mistaken, in taking him for an upright Dealer.

The. Who do you think you speak to?

Pyr. To the young man *Antonio*.

The. Ha, ha: I knew you were mistaken.

Pyr. Verily, hold me not in derision; I say, This *Antonio* pawn'd to me a Diamond Ring, for Cloaths he had of me, and this Diamond Ring proveth upon the test, to be no Diamond Ring, as he proveth on the test to be no honest man, yea.

Ant. This fellow is some Cheat.

The. I tell thee, Friend, my Son *Antonio* is not in *Burdeaux*, but gone for *England*.

Ant. He thinks I am a stranger here, and wou'd put tricks on me.

Pyr. Nay, 'tisthou hast put a Trick on me.

The. He has a very knavish look.

Ant. Give me leave to beat him, Sir.

Pyr. Thou art free; but verily thou canst not beat me out of the knowledge of thee. Yea, I say again, thou man art *Antonio*; the deceitful *Antonio* verily.

The. I tell you, this is not *Antonio*.

Pyr. Who is he then?

The. His Brother *Antonine*.

Pyr. In the morning he was *Antonio*, now he is *Antonine*, and before night he will be *Antoninuline*; and so verily, from these diminutives of his name, there will be a diminution of my Vestments.

The. Had *Antonio*, that you speak of, a mole on his cheek?

Pyr. Verily, I know no Mole he had.

The. See

The. See there, he has.

Pyr. My Cloaths verily, which he hath on, have no addition of a Mole on them: yea, they are the same, without spot or blemish.

Ant. Friend, I brought 'em out of *England* with me.

Pyr. Nay, verily.

The. What can this mean? this fellow cannot be mistaken in his Cloaths.

Ant. I am undone; my Father begins to suspect, and *Trico* comes not to my relief. Sir, it may be my Brother borrow'd some Cloaths of him like these.

Pyr. Yea, as like as thou art to thy self.

Enter Cupes in the habit of a Seaman.

Cup. Save you, Sir: I come for Money for your passage.

Ant. Welcom, Friend.

Cup. How does your good Lady, Master, after her Voyage?

Ant. Very well, Friend.

The. Who is this?

Ant. The Master's mate that brought us over.

The. Did my Son come from *England* in your Ship?

Cup. Marry did he, and his good Lady too.

The. Here is an odd fellow says no.

Cup. Introth?

Ant. And says I am not *Antonine*.

Cup. Fine, ifaith!

Pyr. In thy old cloaths, verily, thou wert *Antonio*; but in these thou mayst be *Antonine*: verily I said but what thou said'st.

Ant. He challengeth these for his Cloaths.

Cup. A Rogue!

The. Hark you, Friend, Here is the Mariner that brought my Son over: what say you to that?

Pyr. I say, Nay.

Cup. Is he an Infidel? Let me come to the Pagan.

The. Forbear.

Cup.

Cap. There are twenty Mariners can witness it besides my self.

Pyr. Rank Conspiracy; yea, I find.

Cap. Let me give him a Salt Eel, while I am in heart.

Pyr. Nay, verily, give me no rebukes; yea, I will be gone, and the Law of the Land shall right the wrong which thou hast done unto me: yea, verily. [Exit.]

Cap. Euh, what an odd conceited fellow was this!

Ant. Mad, or Drunk.

The. What cou'd be his meaning?

Cap. Master, will you please to dismiss me?

The. Friend, come in, and drink; I'll give thee thy Money.

Ant. And something to drink with your Mates.

Cap. Thank you, Master: we'll drink my Lady's health, your own, and your good Father's too here.

The. Come, come in. [Exit.]

Ant. Honest *Cap.*, if thou hadst not come, just when thou didst, I had been run a-ground.

Enter Trico.

Cap. I have set you on float again, and now you are going into Harbour.

Tric. Ha, ha, he! we are cleaverly got off: what say you now, Master?

Ant. But what if *Ignoramus* shou'd come abroad?

Cap. Nay, I believe he will be upon enquiry, to find out the Cheat that is put upon him: but I have thought on a way to deal with him.

Tric. What is that?

Cap. Why, what by his own words, and what by *Polla's*, it is rumor'd here round about, that he is possess'd with a Devil: *Trico* and I will be transform'd to Monks, and Exorcise him.

Tric. I understand you: we'll Conjure the Devil out of him.

Ant. But, if *Torcel* shou'd come, to interrupt our affairs?

H

Tric.

Tric. I know a way to deal with him; but *Polla* must be the undertaker.

Cup. She'll do any thing, to make amends for the late injuries she did the Lady. Come let's go in and take the Money.

Ant. That shall be shar'd betwixt *Trice*, you, and your Wife, to make you diligent in my concerns.

Cup. Then I'll yet have a good Supper to night,
Let Fortune and *Polla* show their utmost spite.

[Exeunt.]

Enter Ignoramus, Dulman running:
Dulman falls down.

Ign. Stoppa, Dulman; stoppa Felonem: Stop Thief, stop Thief. Ah, vagabond, have I got you by the lugs!

Dul. I pray, good Master!

Ign. Ah, Fugitive, you thought I could not *gignere de iterum*, not get you again! Wherefore run you away?

Dul. Because you were in *tanta pestilenta Cholera*, in such a pelting chafe for *Rosabella*, that you wou'd not hear Reason.

Ign. And therefore you must run to the common place, *iacendum Globos-- vulgo vocati* A bowling-ally: where they play at unlawful games, against the Statutes, and there, Sirtah, *Lucisti viam meas Coronas*, you play'd my Crowns away.

Dul. In truth, Sir, *Videbam super tantum*: I only look'd on.

Ign. You shall no more write at my Desk; go, *signa tibi altam Deskam*, get you another Desk.

Dul. *Si ponas me viam à te, sum defactus ut Ostrea*: If you put me away from you, I am undone, as you'd undo an Oyster.

Ign. Wherefore then did you not bring *Rosabella* to me?

Dul. I brought the same *Toreol* gave me.

Ign. Go, *et magnus Vitulus*, you are a great Calf. There is no greater Plague in the World, than to have bad Servants:

wanted: I have sent *Pectus*, to bid *Torcal* come to me, and I think he's run away too.

Dul. Forgive me this once, and I'll fight like a Devil for you, *si vincerint Geldris iterum*, if e're the Sow-gelders come again.

Ign. I'll fight my self now; *sum bene appointatus*, I am well appointed: see here.

Dul. But, Master, *non est Riota portare tres Dagorias?* Is't not a Riot, to carry three Daggers?

Ign. Not *se defendendo*; for whatso'ere is done *se defendendo*, is done by Order of Law: therefore, if I kill 'em, let 'em take heed of me another time.

Dul. Sir, I have copy'd this over.

Ign. Let me see't.---Hem--- Look you here, Blockhead, you alwayes write false Latine: if you can't write true Latine, as I do, cannot you abbreviate the words, as I do, by the middle? *Scribere cum dafso*, cannot you write with a dash, and so you shall make no error in the Latine, nor error in the Law?

Enter Pectus, Torcal.

Pec. Sir, here is Signior *Torcal*.

Tor. O, Signior *Ignoramus*!

Ign. O, Signior *Villano in grano*! did I send you 600 Crowns, by my Servant, and you, like a Knave, send me back an old Hag, instead of your Niece *Rosabella*?

Tor. Your Servant *Dulman*, as he call'd himself, brought me the Six hundred Crowns, told me the private token, and I deliver'd to him my Niece *Rosabella*, and no other but *Rosabella*.

Ign. Say you so? Come hither, you *Homu pro nihil*, you good for nothing, do you hear what he says?

Tor. Did I deliver to you any old ugly Hag?

Dul. He that I deliver'd the Money to did.

Tor. But did I deliver her to you?

Dul. It was one with a wry neck, like you.

Ign. Hold your peace, silence in the Court, listen to your

Charge, and answer to my Interrogatories: Was this He that—

Dul. Yes indeed.

Ign. Peace, Sirrah. Is this He who—

Tor. 'Twas not I by St. Jago.

Ign. *Tene linguam*; hold your tongue, and speak when you are spoken to.

Dul. Master—

Ign. Will you again? *Si te capio in manum*, if I take you in hand!— Is this the man, are you sure, that gave you the counterfeit Woman?

Dul. Now I look on him better, that *Toreol* and this are not the same, tho' he had a wry neck too.

Ign. Now do you speak. To whom did you deliver *Rosabella*?

Tor. To *Dulman*; but he was not such a *Dulman*: he had a little black Beard.

Ign. I have no such Servant.

Tor. The Rogue *Trico* has deceiv'd us then, and put some cheat upon us.

Ign. *Hoc est totum unum*, that is all one; I'll have my Money by Law: I'll make a Distress upon your goods.

Tor. O, Signior, *Bezo lei manni*.

Ign. *Firko tuum curvum Collum*; I'll firke your crooked neck for this.

Tor. Signior *Ignoramus*, talk discreetly: we are both abus'd; let us joyn to seek a remedy.

Ign. Where, but from you, shou'd I seek my remedy?

Tor. If you please, let us both go to *Antonio*, who loves *Rosabella*; we will accuse him and *Trico* of this Cheat: It may be, by surprizing them, we may get something out of 'em.

Ign. Find out the Deceiver, or you are he. *Tu es meus homo*, you are my man; from you I look for satisfaction.

Tor. Let us go, before they have time to convey her too far out of the way, and to frame stories to amuse us.

Ign. *Dulman* and *Pecunia*, stay you both at home, till I return.

[*Ex. Ign. Tor.*
Pec.

Pec. My Master, I find, has been knavishly dealt with.

Dal. But wo be to the Knave, if he finds him : *Trounsabla*
is him, he'll Trounce him. [Exit.

End of the Fourth Act.

ACT V. ScE. I.

Trico, Capes.

Capes. IF we succeed in this Enterprize, the Lovers will meet
 with no more difficulties.

Tric. No ; this will be the last, and must Crown all our
 actions past.

Cap. But how do you know *Ignoramus* and *Torcel* are
 coming this way ?

Tric. I met *Pecus* and *Torcel* together ; I watch'd 'em, and
 saw him conduct him to *Ignoramus* : by this time they have
 conferr'd notes, the Cheat is discover'd, we I know are sus-
 pected ; (I, and Master *Antonio*, I mean) therefore in reason
 I conclude that they will be coming hither, to tax us with
 their suspicions ; which, if not prevented, will make a disco-
 very of all to my Master.

Cap. See, your door opens.

Tric. My Master's coming out. Now I'll begin to lay the
 foundation of our design.

Enter Theodore, Antonio, Rosabella.

The. Come, Son and Daughter, 'tis a fine Evening, and a
 walk will refresh you after your voyage.

Tric. Seem to take no notice of 'em. But is it possible, that
 one is posses'd, and the other distracted ?

Cap. Very true.

Tric.

Tric. 'Tis strange, that such a thing shou'd cause him to go out of his wits!

Ant. What's that you say, *Tric*?

Tric. Why, there's the strangest thing happen'd that I ever heard.

The. What's that?

Tric. You heard, Sir, of *Ignoramus* being Possess'd—

The. By several.

Tric. And he here tells me, that one Signior *Torcol*, a *Paraguene*, is, since yesterday, gone out of's wits.

Ant. Since yesterday!

Cap. Yes, Sir; without hopes almost to be recall'd.

Tric. Pray tell the manner of't.

Cap. Why, Sir, this Gentleman had a natural imperfection of walking in his sleep; and last night rose out of's bed.

Tric. In his sleep?

Cap. Ay, in his sleep; and walkt down Stairs into the Garden, where there is a Well threescore foot deep.

The. So.

Cap. And goes, Sir, to the very brink of the Well; and just as he was stepping into't, by great Providence waken'd.

Tric. Good Lord!

Cap. The Well being uncover'd, and the Moon shining bright upon the water, together with the sight of the danger he was in, so amaz'd him, that he stood as taking a step forward; till a Servant of his waken'd and follow'd him down stairs, ran to him, and pull'd him thence.

The. 'Twas a great Providence he shou'd wake just then.

Cap. The Servant seeing the danger and shrieking for fear, was suppos'd the occasion.

Rosa. And did he with this surprise, lose his senses?

Cap. Yes, Madam; he lay speechless all night, and lay'd all the morning: The Physicians say, that nothing can recover him but shaving off his Hair, letting him blood, and shutting him up in a dark Dungeon for a month or two.

Ant. And so they proceed with him?

Cap.

Cap. As soon as they can catch him, they will; but at present, he is escap'd from 'em.

The. How so?

Cap. He has a Niece, call'd *Rosabella*, whom he loves tenderly: about an hour since, he starts up in his bed, cries, Whither do you carry *Rosabella*? Bring back my Niece; and in the fury of Imagination, gets on his cloaths, (an old Woman that tended him being fall'n asleep,) runs out of the house, and is raving about the Streets for his *Rosabella*. Several of us are in quest of him.

Ant. And can't you find him?

Cap. Not yet; but we hear, he and the Possess'd one are got together, and run about together; the mad-man crying, Where is my Niece? the other, Where is my Wife? give me my Wife.

Rosa. I ne'r heard the like.

Enter Ignoramus, Torcol.

Tor. *Pro mi Saù!* yonder they are all together.

Ign. *Rosabella* too!

Rosa. Yonder's my Uncle and *Ignoramus*! I am undone.

Tric. Keep your Countenance.

Cap. Step aside, and give *Pella* the Sign.

O, Sir, yonder they are: How they stare! Look, look!

Tor. You see now my suspicions were not frivolous.

Ign. *Benedicite!* This is my Covert Baron; my own *Rosabella*.

Cap. He takes every woman he sees for *Rosabella*; and tears off their cloaths, if they won't go with him.

The. I like neither of their looks.

Tor. *Rosabella*, I see you: whither go you, *Rosabella*?

Ant. Keep off.

Tor. I'll have my Niece, my *Rosabella*.

Ign. I'll have my Wife *Rosabella*.

Cap. Keep off, keep off.

Enter

Enter Polla, and Six Men.

Pol. Here, here they are: seize 'em.

Tor. Who are you? what do you do with me?

Cup. Come, come, bring him along, to the Doctors house.

Pol. O my poor Uncle!

The. How he struggles to get loose! what a strength a Mad-man has!

Tor. Give me my Niece.

Tric. Come, more hands to work.

Ign. Keep the Peace, in the King's Name: let him go, set him at liberty, or he will have an Action against you, *pro falso Imprisonamento*, for False Imprisonment.

Tor. Give me *Rosabella*: give me my Niece.

Cup. So, so; away with him. [*Ex. Tric. Cup. Tor. & others.*]

Ign. Let me come to my *Rosabella*. Why do you hold me? I see, yet I am blind; I freeze, and yet I burn in Love: I live to Love, and love to live; and live not but in Loving.

Ant. This man is strangely Possess'd.

Ign. Let me be possess'd too of *Rosabella*.— Bound I am in Frank; a Pledge, a Mortgage, to my *Rosabella*; yet I am in free Socage.

Pol. Here I am; here is your *Rosabella*.

Ign. Out, Hag, Sorceress; you *Rosabella*! a Succuba—

Ant. He knows not his own Wife.

Ign. But I know you, *Antonio*.

The. He takes you for *Antonio*, and your Wife for *Rosabella*.

Pol. Friends, pray help to bring him along.

Ign. Why am I hal'd and pull'd? what do you do with me? do you intend *Iterum me Geldare*, to geld me again? *Rosabella, Rosabella, Rosabella!* [*Ex. Ign. Cup. &c.*]

Ant. Whither do they carry him now?

Pol. To Saint *Severinus* Monastery, where some good Religious Monks will use their holy Exorcisms, to fetch the evil Spirits

Spirits out of him: I must go, and attend the Ceremony. I thank you all for your kind assistance. *[Exit.]*

The. A good careful Wife in troth; 'twas pity she marry'd so unfortunately. Come, *Antonine*, we'll now go in, and see your Wife; she, it may be, is something startled at this bustle. *[Exeunt.]*

Enter Dorothea, Barnacar.

Dor. Come, *Barnacar*, we are now near the house; as soon as you have seen me in a doors, I must send you with the Coach, to fetch my Son and Daughter from the Haven.

Ban. Poor Lady, the Sea made her very Sick: she cou'd scarce stand upon her legs, when we led her out of the Cabin.

Dor. By that time thou getst there with the Coach, I hope she will be pretty well recover'd.

Ban. I doubt not, Madam; for Sea-sick folks presently grow well, when they come ashore. The burnt Wine I got for her to drink, pretty well settled her Stomach, before we came away.

Dor. *Barnacar*, tho' you have liv'd but a month with me, and in that time I cannot absolutely judge how good a Servant you are; yet, for your care of us, and diligence in this voyage, I will speak so well of you to my Husband, that he shall entertain you for a Servant.

Ban. I thank you, Madam: I will to the utmost endeavour to make good the Character you shall please to give of me.

Dor. That is the house there: run before, and knock at the door. *[Exeunt.]*

Enter Ignoramus, Cupes, Trico, like Monks, Polla, &c.

Cup. You that stand by with Palms and holy Herbs, tye him fast to a Chair.

Ign. Why do you attach me so violently, and bind me with Cords and Ropes?

Tric. Hold your peace.

Ign. O *Dulman*, *Dulman*, thou sayd'st thou would'st fight for me; where art thou, *Dulman*?

Tric. He invokes *Dulman*; certainly his Name is *Dulman*.

Cup. I do Exorcise thee, *Dulman*: be gone, thou cursed *Dulman*.

Ign. Be you gone, like two Knaves as you are: what a foul *Riots*, and what a *Routa* do you make here!

Tric. Two Devils; *Riots* and *Routa*: Come forth, *Riots* and *Routa*.

Ign. I am *Ignoramus*; what have you to do with me?

Cup. Come forth, thou most wicked Spirit *Ignoramus*: I do conjure thee *Ignoramus*, thou Decliner of Justice, thou Seducer of men, thou sower of Discord, thou disturber of Peace; it is thou whom I do Exorcise: I conjure thee to come forth, and be gone.

Ign. So I will be gone from you, Rogues and Knaves, as soon as I can, to be sure: I will be gone to *Rosabella*.

Tric. Be gone, *Rosabella*, be gone.

Ign. O the Devil! she's gone already.

Cup. I do conjure thee to tell me, did'st thou ever give up thy Soul and Body unto that evil Spirit *Rosabella*?

Ign. What's that to thee? I have given both Soul and Body, and all my Goods to her.

Pol. O most wicked Wretch!

Ign. And, besides her Joynure, if she had marry'd me, she shou'd have had *Francum Bancum* too.

Cup. Be gone, *Francum Bancum*; separate thy self from her, *Francum Bancum*.

Ign. But now she sha'n't have it: Had she had a kindness for me, she shou'd have enjoy'd many more Priviledges, *Insang-thief*, *Outsang-thief*, *Tac*, *Toc*, *Tol* and *Tem*.

Tric. How many there are of 'em! Be gone all of you; *Insang-thief*, *Outsang-thief*, *Tac*, *Toc*, *Tol*, and *Tem*: I Conjure you, all you evil Spirits, whether you be in his black round Cap by Day, or his white Cap by Night; whether you be in his double Tongue, or under his Tongue, whether you be in his Beard, or his Head.

Ign.

Ign. You Asses you, do you think the Devil holds in Capite? No; he holds in Frocks, Socks, Hoods, Cowsls, and bald Crowns: In such as you are, you Brothers of the Devils Fraternity.

Pol. Now he invokes his Brothers, the Devils.

Cup. Come forth, you evil Spirits, whether you be in his Doublet, or his Breeches, his Coat, his Cloak, or his Drawers; or in his Pen, or his Wax, or in his Seal, or in his Ink, horn.

Ign. Ay, he was in the Horn to day.

Tric. I conjure you to come out of the Horn.

Ign. Fox take you, and all the Horns in the World, but the Horn that sounds to dinner.

Cup. Come forth all of you, you wicked Spirits, and be totally explanted; whether you be in his Indentures, or his Parchments, or in his Papers Ingross'd, in words of Sence, or in words without Sence.

Ign. Whether in Gray Fryers, or in Black Fryers, or in Crouched Fryers.

Tric. I conjure you all, be gone, and fly, you evil Spirits; Gray, White and Black, and of what colour soever.

Cup. And in what place soever about him; whether in his great Pockets, side-Pockets, in his Purse, or in his Fob.

Ign. O, you Felons! who hath his hand now *{ Polla picks* in my Pocket? you are *Backband*, and *Hand-Aband*.

Tric. Be gone, Felons, *Backband*, and *Handaband*.

Ign. If they go, it is Felony directly.

Cup. Whether in the shape and likeness of Gold, or of Silver; whether well got, or ill got.

Ign. I, that's the Devil you desire to come out. *Esse Robatores*, you are all Thieves and Robbers.

Tric. I adjure all, and every one of you, to come out.

Cup. And to come all into the great Toe of his left foot.

Pol. There they are, I see 'em there: I will *{ Polla treads* beat 'em, and stamp 'em down, that they may *{ on's Toes.* never rise again.

Ign. O, my Corns, my Corns! O you she-tormentors!

The great *Caplan* of the great Devil take you all,
And every one of you, both great and small.

Cup. Now he is mad : Brother, give me some Exorcis'd
Salt, and Hallow'd Fire, that I may Exorcise and Fumigate
him.

Ign. Fire and smoak consume you all. *Si Daggarias capio,*
rumpam caloco coronas vestras, If I take my Daggers, I'll crack
your bald Crowns for you.

Tric. *Daggarias,* I conjure you to come forth, *Daggar-*
rim.

Ign. I would they cou'd, *se defende.*

Cup. Let us try now if he be obedient : Repeat what I
whisper to you in your ear. *Buz, Buz, Buz.*

Tric. I adjure you to answer to what I demand of you.

Mum, Mum, Mum.

Ign. What do you keep this Mummung, Mopping, and
Mowing about me, like two Jackanapes ?

Cup. Now, unbind him, and see how he will behave him-
self, when at liberty.

Ign. So--- Keep off at your peril. You have Feloniously
taken away my Money, and detain it, against the King's
Peace, his Crown and Dignity : I will have you all in a *Pro-*
munire ; and if you don't *Sine me ire ad largum,* let me go
at large, *Trounsabo vos sic,* I'll trounce you so, *sicut nunquam*
fuisse in mundo trounsatus, as you were never trounced in
the World.

Pol. Hark, what a noise they keep ! there's a whole Swarm
of Devils in him still.

Ign. Yes, I am tormented with three Devils still : thou,
Sorceress, art the first Devil ; and those two in the Black are
two other Devils. But I'll run away in my own defence, and
so the great Devil take you all.

Cup. }

Tric. } Follow, follow, follow. Ha, ha, he.

Poll. }

Cup. How he runs ! like a Hare, started out of her
Form.

Pol. Without looking behind him.

Tric.

Two. If there be ne're a Ship going out of Port, he'll venture to run cross the Sea to *England*.

Cap. Well, now he is gone, and the Sport is over, let us go and rejoyce at the Tavern.

Pol. I, now you have got a little Money, the next this is, To the Tavern to spend it.

Tric. Be pacify'd; there is a Supper prepar'd for us, and you, *Mistress Polla*, must along with us:

You are invited, as the chiefest guest.

Pol. Nothing but what's o' free-cost makes a Feast.

Tric. Go you thither before: I'll step home, to see how squares go, and be with you in an instant.

Cap. So; this night we bravely have obtain'd our ends:

The Lawyer's routed, and *Polla* and I are Friends.

[*Exeunt*.]

Enter Dorothea, Bannacar: Theodore
at distance.

Ban. Madam, he's now come in, and is coming to you.

Dor. That's well.

The. My dear Wife!

Dor. My dear Husband! I am glad to find you in good health.

The. And I am over-joy'd, to see you safe return'd to *Burdeaux*.

Dor. Thank you my dear.

The. Your coming surprises me. Why came you not with my Son *Antonine* and his Wife?

Dor. We all came together. Pray send your Coach to bring 'em hither: My Daughter is Sea-sick, and very faint, and staves at the Inn upon the Haven, and her Husband with her, to bear her company.

The. They are here already.

Dor. I left 'em but just now there.

The. They did not tell me any thing of your coming.

Dor. You amaze me the most that can be. They here, and tell you nothing of my coming!

The.

The. They conceal'd it, perhaps, thinking the Surprise might give me the greater joy.

Dor. Bannacar, 'tis almost impossible they cou'd get hither before us.

Ban. Truly, so I think, Madam.

The. I'll call 'em to you. Bid my Son *Antonine* and his Wife come hither quickly.

Dor. Their being here is very strange to me.

Ban. It may be, they got some Merchant's Coach accidentally, that was coming this way.

Dor. Ay, it may be so.

The. My dear Wife, how over-joy'd I am, at thy arrival!

Enter Rosabella.

Rosa. What is your pleasure, Sir?

The. Look you, Wife, here is my Daughter *Clara*.

Dor. Where is she?

The. Do you ask, and see her stand before you?

Dor. This is none of her.

Rosa. What will become of me now?

Dor. I know her not.

The. What mystery is this?

Rosa. What shall I say?

The. Who are you then? why do you not answer me? From your silence, and countenance, I guess you guilty of some disgrace to my Family: I fear you are some lewd Woman.

Rosa. Unhappy, Sir, but not unchaste. Pardon me, Sir, I am your Son's Wife.

The. Wife to *Antonine*?

Rosa. To *Antonio*, Sir.

Enter Antonio, Trico.

Tric. Your Mother return'd! this is strange.

The. Where is my Son *Antonio*?

Tric. Go, Sir; they are asking for you.

Ant.

Ant. I dare not appear.

Tric. Go, Sir, go; all must out.

The. Why do you not answer me? where is *Antonio*?

Ant. Here, Sir, at your feet, to beg your pardon.

The. Are you then *Antonio*?

Ant. I return'd, Sir, from Sea, and pretended to be my Brother *Antonine*; and set this artificial mole on my cheek, to carry on the deceit.

The. For love of this Woman, whom you brought into my house for *Clara*? To what vile intent was this?

Dor. I am amaz'd!

Ant. She is my Wife, Sir.

The. O, my *Dorothea*, how are my hopes now cross'd, that had prepar'd for him a rich Wife, and of noble Parentage!

Dor. My heart too feels the trouble.

Ant. She is not, Sir, of mean Birth, nor wants a Dowry, if Beauty and Vertue are accountable.

Ban. Sure, I am no stranger to that Face, nor Voice.

Dor. Speak, Lady, who are you? and what is your condition?

Rosa. My Father was a Souldier, and great Commander in War; his name *Alphonso*, a Noble-man of *Portugal*.

Ban. Right.

Rosa. From *Portugal*, he travel'd to exercise his Arms in *Fez*; and, dying there, committed me to the care and trust of his half-Brother, *Roderigo Toreol*, who brought me to this Place.

The. You are then *Rosabella*, and his Niece that claim'd you by that Name?

Ant. She is, Sir.

Ban. I am confirm'd. Madam, know your once poor, but faithful Servant—

Rosa. *Bannacar*!

Ban. Yes, Madam.

The. Who is he?

Ban. I was *Alphonso's* Servant; but before that I serv'd one *Utrado*, a Merchant. And now, Madam, is a fit time

to reveal a Secret, and tell you, You are of *English* Birth.

Rosa. What mean you?

Ban. This *Utrada* was a Merchant, who went upon the account of Traffick into *England*. One day as he was walking on the Shore at *Deptsford*, where his Ship lay at Anchor, he fell in discourse with a young Nurse, whose Beauty much surpriz'd him. He entic'd her on board; she had in her arms a Child, which was your self: but you were no sooner there, but he clapt you both under hatches, and sail'd out of the River. He brought you to *Mauritania*, where he sold you and me, to *Alphonso*; who, having no Child, Adopted you for his Daughter, and chang'd your Name from *Isabella*, to *Rosabella*.

Dor. What do I hear?

Rosa. The story's strange!

Ban. Hence it is you do conclude him your Father.

Dor. What was that Nurse's name?

Ban. *Ursula*. She told me you were Daughter to one *Mannly*, an Alderman of *London*.

The. Wonderful discovery!

Dor. A thousand blessings on the tongue that spake it.

Ant. O *Trico*!

Dor. I am the unhappy Mother, that have had the loss of thee so long.

Rosa. I am surpriz'd with as much amazement as joy.

Ant. Words cannot speak my Wonder, nor my Love.

Ban. When *Alphonso* dy'd, his Brother *Torcel* convey'd you away before I had the fortune to see you, being not then with him: I had else, after his death, told you what he charg'd on penalty of Life not to reveal before.

Tric. I see, here will be a good come-off at last.

Dor. What became of the Nurse?

Ban. *Utrada*, when he had her in possession, forc'd her to his embraces: her grief for the injury done her, I believe broke her heart: she dy'd in the voyage.

The. Poor Woman!

Enter

Enter Cupes.

Cup. Hilt, *Trico*, *Trico*; *Master Antonio*: Shift for your selves.

Tric. What's the matter?

Cup. *Torcol* was set at liberty, by the Governour of the Town, who past by, as they were carrying him away: he, and *Ignoramus* were got together again; they were in the next room to us in the Tavern; I overheard all their discourse: they were resolving to come hither, to examine matters, I came running before, to give you notice.

Tric. Let 'em come, now we fear 'em not; there are wonders broke out.

Ant. See, they are come already.

Enter Ignoramus, Torcol.

Tor. Officers, stay without.

Ign. Here they are, *Omnium getherum*, all together.

Tor. And *Rosabella* amongst 'em!

The. Here's the Possess Lawyer, and mad *Portugal*, come to disturb us again.

Tor. But now you shall know that I am not mad.

Tric. But, to make you so, stand forth (honest *Bannacar*) and tell the story again.

Ban. Signior *Torcol*, your Servant.

Tor. *Bannacar*! he knows she's not my Niece.

Ban. Since my return to *Europe*, I have been two months in *England*, and happen'd into the Service of this my honour'd Mistress, Wife to that Gentleman; but her former Husband's name was *Manly*; which I knew not, till this minute.

Tor. No more: I perceive you have reveal'd the Secret of *Rosabella's* Birth and Quality. Signior *Ignoramus*, she is no longer my Niece: if you will now demand her in Marriage, you must ask the consent of that Lady, her Mother as appears.

K

Dor.

Der. I have power to dispose of her to none, but *Antonio*: She has long been his by Contract; which is now confirm'd by their present mutual consent.

Ign. If *Rosabella* before were the Spouse of *Antonio*; and by consequence in *Covert Baron*, I am glad I did not marry her; *ne fuisset maritadium amissum per defaultum*, lest the Marriage shou'd be null by default.

Tric. *Per defaultum*: you say right, Sir.

Ign. I am contented therefore, *Signior Torcol*, if *ever cas de diffissin*, my Six hundred Crowns be paid back to me.

Enter Pyropus.

Tric. Give me your hand, Mr. *Ignoramus*; I'll undertake to declare that, in your behalf, to this Company, which shall get you your Money again.

Ign. My good Client, take both my hands: *Imbraso te.*

Pyr. Verily, and wilt thou get me my Garments restor'd? For, be he *Antonio*, *Antonino*, or *Antiniquito*, I must be forthwith satisfy'd: yea, I have Officers at the door.

The. I will see all your demands satisfy'd.

Pyr. Verily, I am content.

Tric. Yea verily, and so am I.

Cup. What a rare come-off is here for thee, *Triso*!

The. Now, Wife, we'll send the Coach for *Antonino* and *Clara*: This Story will be new to them; and *Bannacar* at Supper, shall tell it o're again at large, with all the circumstances.

Der. While I am Mistress of wealthy *Bannacar* shall never want.

Ban. I humbly thank you.

Enter Polla, with a dish, and a Kettle of hot Water.

Pol. Are you here, Rogues? I'll give you a warm shower.

Cup. Hold!

Pol. I'll scald their Coxcombs for 'em.

Cup. Hold: what do you do?

Pol.

Pol. What's that to you, Ninecumpoop. What has your wry neck to say to Mrs. *Rosabella* here? or you, Mr. Fustilugs, with your *Francum & Bancum*?

Cap. Hold, I say; are you mad?

Pol. Let 'em get 'em gone then, or I'll scald their Fools feathers off.

Cap. Pox on you, your anger's always out of time: they are now all agreed, and good Friends.

Pol. O, are you so? or else I'de have bestir'd my self, for your sake, Madam, to have made you amends.

Rosa. I thank you.

The. Come, all follow me in; and they to whom our mirth is not distasteful, I invite to Supper: and here declare a general Welcom.

Cap. There will be doings for you and I, wife.

Pol. For you to be Drunk.

Cap. And you to fill your Gut.

Pol. Away, you Rogue.

Cap. Along you Slut.

The. I see how 'tis betwixt you. You two shall be *Trico's* guests; he shall entertain you:

For mirths sake we'll neither of your humours balk.

Cap. I'll have my liberty to Drink.

Pol. And I, to talk.

Ant. Now, my *Isabella*, are we happy, beyond the reach of Chance.

Lovers with pain and trouble gain their Ends;

But, when thus kind, Fortune makes large amends.

[*Exeunt Omnes.*]

EPILOGUE

Spoken by

IGNORAMUS.

HOld,—before the Court rise, I desire of my most honour'd Judges that sit upon the Benches, to be heard a word in favour of a Client.

Here are the Executors of Peter-Poet defunct, Plaintiffs, and John-a-Stiles and John-a-Nokes Criticks, Defendants.

The Poynt is, Whether this Comedy having once received its Tryal, and come off clear, may be arraign'd a second time.

I speak now for the Plaintiff, and I affirm, Que nemy, that it cannot. It had its Tryal in the last Age; before a whole University, the Learned Jury brought in their Verdict Not-guilty. It pass'd the censure of King James, and stands Authenticated by his Royal Approbation. Therefore it having Hic-ad-ante, heretofore been acquitted by its King and Countrey, as I find upon Record decimo quarto Jacobi, that it ought now to be held a good Liege-Play.... But if you think to put us upon a New Tryal, we'll demurr to your Action and traverse your Proceedings. If you take away

its Good Name, there will be cause of Action against you, 'twill be Scandalum Magnum; nay, it will be petty Treason, 'twill be Scandalum Magnatum; for you call in question a Monarchs Approbation: Therefore, Cape curam, take care what you do; nor will an Appeal serve your turn, for from the Highest Power is no Appeal, from the Highest to the Lowest Non datur Regressus; Nay, we'll have you in Foro Conscientiæ, we'll bring you into Chancery too, where you shall answer to Interrogatories Sine fine, without end; And the first shall be, Why you have no more wit than to betray your Ignorance, for Ignoramus non habet inimicum nisi Ignorantem.

Now give me leave, as I am Ambidexter Ignoramus, and take Fees on both hands, to speak one two or three words in favour likewise of the Defendants, who left their Fees for me with my Clerks at the Office as they came in.

I say then with Submission, and Permission, that the Criticks are all free Subjects, and to be debar'd of their Liberty is directly against Magna Charta, the very fundamental Laws of the Realm. Nay, with your favour we plead Prescription, we have had it so Tempus ex mente, time out of mind. The Wits are here Lords Paramount, and Poets but Tenants per Curtesie, therefore when you please sue out your Writ of Ejectment, and give 'em their Quietus: I say moreover, this place is your County Palatine, the Priviledges, Prerogatives and Royalties not to be infring'd, obstructed or abridged; here the Criticks may Arraign, Adjudge

Adjudge and Condemn, Nemine contradicente; Hang,
Draw and Quarter both Playes and Poets, Cum Privi-
legio. Therefore I say, that John-a-Stiles, and John-
a-Noaks, and you the rest of my Clyents, that you may
approve, dislike, applaud, discommend, condemn and
damn ad Libitum, and that each of you is to have his
free Vote at all Times, and of all Playes. As so all other
Playes, *Causa patet*, 'tis without dispute. But whe-
ther it may be as to this particular Play, and in these
Circumstances, there lyes the *Quere*. Wherefore, in
favour of all and every of my Clyents, as well Plain-
tiffs as Defendants, I conclude, *Consideratis confide-
randis*, that it may be Lawful, or it may not be Law-
ful; however, I say at all times, *Curret Lex & Vi-
vat Rex*.

FINIS.

bus and
K.L.